

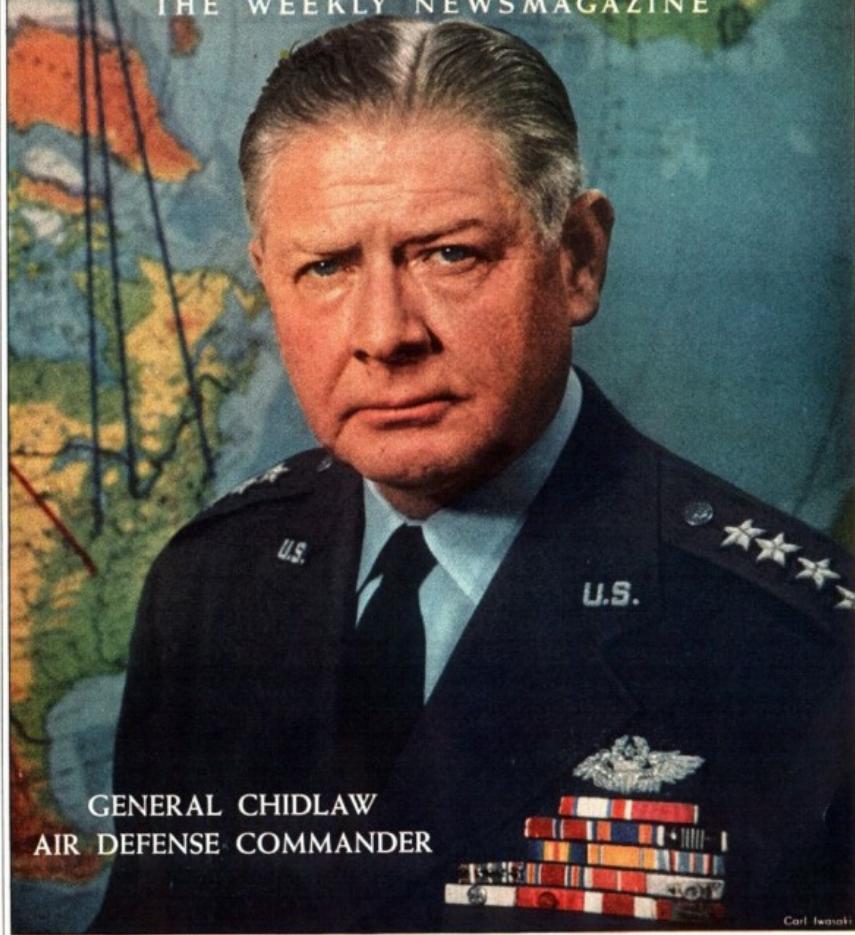
TWENTY CENTS

DECEMBER 20, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE FENCE IN THE SKY
America's Air Frontier



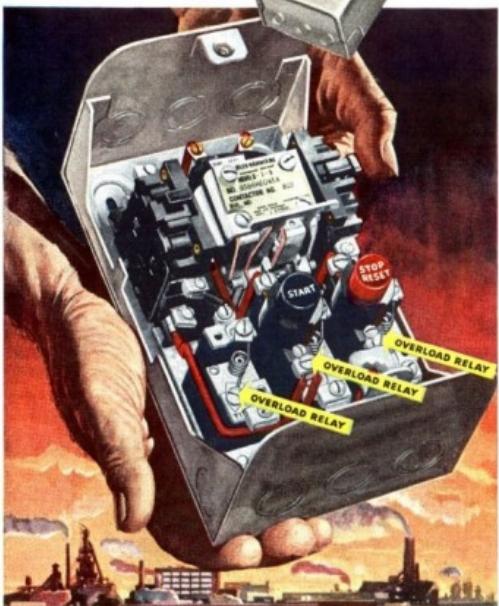
GENERAL CHIDLAW
AIR DEFENSE COMMANDER



Carl Iwamoto

WHAT'S NEW IN MOTOR CONTROL? ★ ★ ★ GET IT FIRST IN CUTLER-HAMMER

Now industry's three-phase motors
can have full three-phase protection
with standard in-stock
motor control!



Many motor users have proved *two* overload relays are no longer adequate protection for three-phase motors. In fact, motor burn-outs have become so widespread that Section 4327 of the National Electrical Code was recently amended. The code now permits authorities to require three overload relays in three-phase motor control . . . and this provision is already being enforced in some areas. Many safety experts and power engineers say the time is not far off when three-phase motor control with less than three overload relays will be unacceptable.

The use of three overload relays is not new. Many industrials plagued by recurring motor burn-outs and the resulting intolerable operating interruptions have changed to three-relay control. But such changeovers have been slow to effect and costly as no standard control was available with three overload relays. Special constructions and enclosures have always been required.

The BIG news today is that this is no longer true. The new Cutler-Hammer ★ ★ ★ Motor Control offers *three* overload relays in all standard starter constructions and enclosures. You pay only for the third relay, nothing additional for special engineering or manufacture. No extras. No delays. It is *in stock* at your nearby Cutler-Hammer Authorized Distributor. Order it today and use it tomorrow. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1308 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wis.



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RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



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A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

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Hose used to burst and workmen were sometimes seriously burned. Then B. F. Goodrich designed a hose with braided steel wire buried in the rubber. It can't burst even if a hose finally wears out. Workmen are as safe as they are at home. That's only one of many B. F. Goodrich improvements in steam hose—some to make it safer, others

for longer life, lower cost. The hose in the picture lasted eight times as long as any hose used before.

Product improvement is always going on at B. F. Goodrich. Some improvements are big, spectacular; some are little; many are too technical to explain easily, but all save you money. Every product gets its share—conveyor belts, V belts, every kind of hose, hundreds of others. None is ever regarded as "finished" or standardized.

How this cuts your costs: Biggest cost savings come almost always from top performance rather than lowest prices. If you use rubber products, re-

member B. F. Goodrich is one company that will never lower its quality standards. This means you can be sure of top performance and real money savings.

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Bendix-Scintilla is known to engine people everywhere as the nation's top source of supply for ignition equipment. Most military planes rely on our ignition, and we doubt if you can ride on a commercial airliner that isn't sparked by Bendix-Scintilla. Your power lawn mower, farm or garden tractor or outboard motor may have one of our many types of magneto developed for such applications. Leading automotive manufacturers experimenting with turbojet engines in passenger cars, trucks and buses are using Bendix-Scintilla Jet Ignition.

Continual research and years of practical field operation have fitted us to anticipate and solve ignition problems; and that's why engine manufacturers, seeking advice, talk to Bendix-Scintilla people.



. lights matches in man-made tornadoes!

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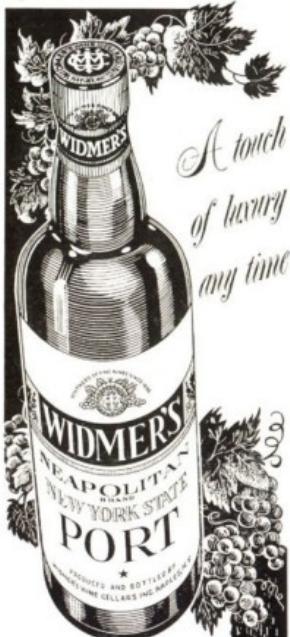
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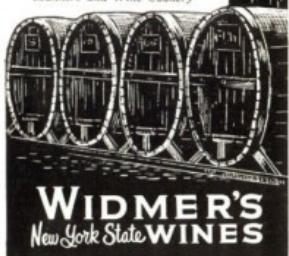
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LETTERS

Abdication v. Dedication

Sir:

Relative to your article, "Abdication on the Hill" [Nov. 29], wherein you state that Senate Majority Leader Knowland "Displays no obligation toward the President or the party as a whole," may I inquire if it has ever occurred to you that Senator Knowland just might place our country, and his obligation to the people, above party? . . .

(MRS.) GLADYS S. SHEPPARD
San Diego

Sir:

You must have nodded in your ivory tower when, for Nov. 29, in discussing Senator Knowland's warning of the dangers of coexistence, you said: "He blatantly disregarded the fact that he is not 'any Senator.' He is the majority leader, who is supposed to represent the Administration on Capitol Hill."

This is an erroneous statement. Historically, the Senate's majority leader is not the spokesman for the Administration, but primarily the Senate's majority spokesman and, as such, something of a liaison officer between the President and Senate . . . Mr. Barkley was the first majority leader in the Senate's annals who regarded himself, and was regarded, as the representative of the White House . . .

Again quoting your story, "In 1944, long-suffering Alben Barkley rose in the Senate to castigate Franklin Roosevelt's veto of the tax bill. He resigned as majority leader before he sat down. Knowland is unlikely to follow or even understand this example." The afternoon the veto reached the Senate, my brother, the late Senator Bennett Champ Clark, and his deskmate and close friend, Senator Byrd, called upon Senator Barkley . . . When Senator Barkley arose in the Senate to make the speech that ended with his resignation, he had already been assured by Senators Byrd and Clark that he had pledges sufficient to re-elect him. Accordingly, he was re-elected by the Democratic caucus next morning . . .

Senator Knowland is a grey horse of another color . . . Upon Senator Taft's death he bluntly announced that he was a candidate for the leadership against all comers. Despite the thought that the Administration lacked enthusiasm for him, Senator Knowland was elected by his colleagues. And he has performed his duties, not following in the footsteps of Alben Barkley, but in the tradition of the Senate. Moreover, it is ex-

tremely doubtful that the Administration could defeat him if it tried.

GENEVIEVE CLARK THOMSON
Gaylor, Va.

Sir:
Your article on Republicans . . . was courageous and true . . .

Californians will take many a year to explain Nixon and Knowland to their children. San Francisco

GEORGE WOLFF

The Lieutenant's Discipline

Sir:

If a self-made man like Lieut. Charles C. Anderson (TIME, Nov. 29) is to be dismissed from the service because he did his best to make a company of undisciplined men into an honor company then I have to wonder what kind of Army we are going to have in the future. Having spent seven years in the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve in World War II, I can honestly say that British discipline (which is even tougher) made a man out of me.

R. L. C. J. BAUMGART-PASLAY
Dumont, N.J.

Sir:
For Lieut. Anderson, my heartfelt sympathy and sincere admiration. For the Guilty Wonders who sat in judgment of him at his court-martial, one sentence will suffice: "Cowardice in the face of adverse publicity."

JOHN P. CANNABEN JR.
Chicago

Sir:
Without commenting on Lieut. Anderson . . . I feel obliged, and reasonably qualified, as an ex-Marine Corps top kick, to have a say on overall discipline in the U.S. armed forces today.

Frankly, there isn't any! Berated by mothers and politicians, plagued by a new code of military justice, infested with over-specialization, watering of NCO and officer prestige and responsibility, we are turning out parodies of what should be servicemen. With honest bias, I don't include marines, but they've been hurt too in recent years . . .

JOE BUFFER
Philadelphia

Sir:
. . . Tough battle training has absolutely nothing to do with the disgusting methods this "officer and gentleman" used on his men. Hanging men from their heels to get them indoctrinated into discipline is a

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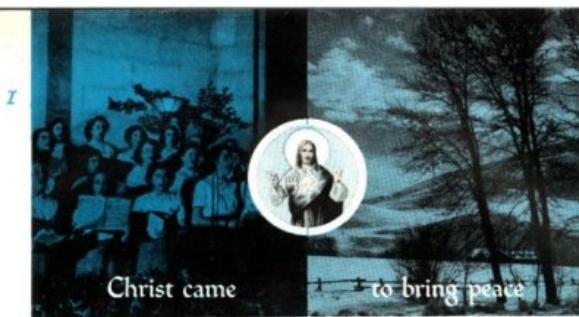
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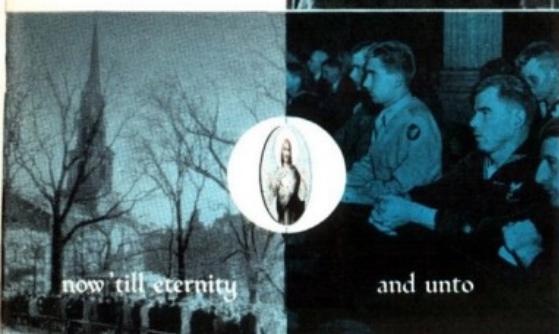
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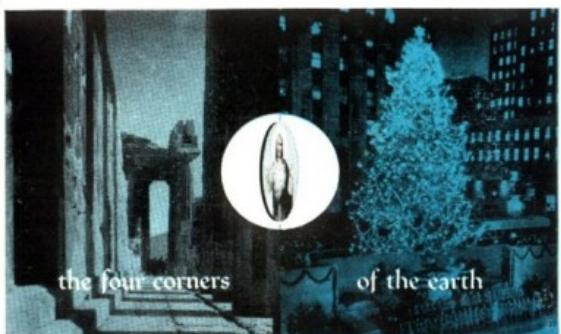
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6



great idea: why not hang them from their necks? If they survive that, they certainly will be battle-toughened.

(SOLDIER'S NAME WITHHELD)
Monterey, Calif.

Man of the Year [Contd.]

Sir:

For Man of the Year: Thurgood Marshall, who perhaps more than any man was responsible for fighting through to victory one of the greatest Supreme Court decisions of our age—the abolishing of racial segregation in our public schools.

HOWARD J. SANDERS

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Sir:

Be brave. Put that Senator from Wisconsin on your cover as Man of the Year—and never mind the canceled subscriptions.

DOROTHY BRENNAN

Boston

Sir:

John Foster Dulles by nine lengths.
WINBORNE JENKINS

Yorktown, Va.

Sir:

Who else, but the most-discussed, most controversial, and best political salesman: Pierre Mendès-France.

C. CONÉA

Montreal

Children & Dr. Lindner

Sir:

Re "Rebels or Psychopaths?" (Dec. 6), good cess to Dr. Lindner for knowing the difference between normal mischief and psychopathy; and better cess that he recognizes that it is not just parents—too much abuse—but a general cultural milieu of psychopathy that is the key trouble.

The Cult of the Mass has come in as the standard, mass production, mass education, mass markets for the commercial press, for literature, for art, movies and everything. Lower and lower, by mathematical inexorability, sink all standards . . .

. . . If God's Executive Officer, natural law, loved mass quantity, rats, bluefish, spiders, ants, or microbes would rule here on earth. The only reason man does, insofar as he does, because of Quality. Wherefore, insofar as we degrade natural and divine law, we shall be degraded. And are being.

JACK M. WEBSTER

New York City

Sir:

As a practicing psychologist (*i.e.*, a highly competitive businessman), I will go far with Dr. Lindner, but not as far as agreeing that conformity to a religion may produce a rot in the individual . . .

It is significant that there are still places in the Orient with a standard of living far lower than that in any Western city where it is safer to walk than in New York City. My opinion is that religion (and the East is religious, whether we agree with it or not) prevents the production of the *enrage*—the man who has no place anywhere, and hates society "on principle." And so hates this world.

For if man has not an abiding place in the Bosom of Abraham, or in Nirvana, or in the Paradise of Allah or among the Blessed Company of the Saints, what can he do but hate?

DERRICK L. ROSSITER

Brooklyn

Sir:

. . . I am a mother of four children, three teen-agers, and all through their growing up I have rebelled at the pressure our children today are exposed to. We have too little

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respect for each child as an individual. Instead of watching a quiet child who wants, or even needs, to be alone, there is pressure on the child to participate. We criticize an introvert child for not being outgoing enough . . . Of course, to an extent there must be a limit to dreaming, but would anyone pull out a flower to see if it grows right?

ELLA H. PARR

New York City

Local Pride & the Lions

Sir:

. . . Your article on Bobby Layne and the Detroit Lions [Nov. 29] is either scandalously libelous to all the pro teams and players or else is the most scathing indictment of American sportsmanship that has ever been printed.

JOSEPH G. NASON

Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

Off the field, professional-football champions are described as not "unduly sober citizens," who "belt the bottle or some barroom companions"; on the field, they endeavor to dismember opponents, pile on the runner, and commit various forms of mayhem. What an inspiration to American youth!

WILFRED H. CROWLEY

Santa Clara, Calif.

Sir:

While I played enough college football to receive a ruptured spleen and to know that it is seldom played as a game outside of high school, I'm still old-fashioned enough to think that blocking and tackling contribute more to the great player than kicking and slugging . . .

JOHN TAYLOR BRADY
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:

That your country can produce tough men I know to be true, but as an active devotee of our British Rugby football, I can't help but wonder [about] American football . . .

Who replaces? Who pads? . . . I grant you that a few decadent types over here are to be seen wearing shinguards, and some tie up their big ears with light leather or cotton. Beyond this we do not go.

PETER C. DOUGLAS
Glasgow, Scotland

Sir:

Finally you have never watched Norm Van Brocklin of the Rams . . . You also refer to Don Paul as the dirtiest player in the league. How about changing this title to the roughest player, since this does not carry the connotation of one who plays outside the rules, which Don does not do.

WILLIAM J. ZIMMERMAN
Los Angeles

Sir:

. . . Doak Walker has had more to do with making the Lions the team they are than anyone else.

OTIS MOORE
New York City

Sir:

Did Artist Giro forget to put eleven men on the defensive team, or does he believe that football is played like hockey, with men being sent to the penalty box?

JOHN GRUNDY

Chicago

¶ Two defensive backs (as well as the flanker out to the right of the Lions' line) are hidden behind the broad shoulders of Lions Quarterback Latyne.—Ed.

Everybody Happy?

Sir:

"Bumblebee" [Nov. 29], as are boys, is brave, super and noble—cheers, cheers. Britain's future is assured! Anxiously awaiting further word of this rising young statesman.

M. M. McGUINNESS

S. J. BELLMORE

R. D. NELSON

G. A. BROWN

La Jolla, Calif.

¶ Reports Bumblebee's headmaster, Gerald Miller, no wet weed: "If such a wonderful hoax had happened up at university, it would have gone down as a great university prank. Some people thought it was terrible and required discipline, others that it was deucedly clever and should be laughed off. I decided the latter, so he has had no punishment and will get none." Added the Head, who is also getting mail about Bumblebee: "I hope your readers are happy about it." —Ed.

In Defense of Banks

Sir:

In the article "New Money Merchants: Savings & Loan Men Teach Bankers Lesson" of Nov. 29, the writer speaks glowingly of the dividend rate paid by the savings and loan associations, of their rapid growth in recent years. However, a careful reading of the article fails to reveal what we believe is the real reason for the relatively high dividend rate paid by the savings and loan associations and, as a consequence, their rapid growth: the fact that most savings and loan associations pay little or no federal income tax, whereas the commercial banks of the nation pay the regular corporate income-tax rates, which run from about 30% to 52% of the net taxable income.

To us it is like asking one man to run one mile while another runs three-quarters of a mile, and then criticizing the man who ran the full distance for not winning and praising the man who runs only three-quarters of a mile for finishing a few steps ahead.

MELVIN L. MORGAN

Ketchum, Okla.

Sir:

. . . I quote the subheading of the article in your magazine: "Savings & Loan Men Teach Bankers Lesson." One might just as well subhead an article with the catch phrase, "Plumbers Teach Carpenter a Lesson . . ." There is not a single thing which has been done by S & L men which could not have been done by bankers if banks were free to invest all of their savings deposits in mortgages, and if they were tax-free from the payment of income taxes.

F. R. STEYERT

South Orange, N.J.

Adjustment

Sir:

WOULD APPRECIATE CORRECTION OF AN ERROR IN DEC. 6 ISSUE, WHICH STATED: "EVEN ON THE DAY LAST WEEK WHEN THE DOW-JONES AVERAGE ROSE THE MOST, ALMOST HALF OF THE 1,272 STOCKS TRADED SHOWED LOSSES, AND A FEW, E.G., BELL AIRCRAFT . . . REGISTERED LOSSES FOR THE YEAR." YOU MISSED THE FACT THAT BELL AIRCRAFT CORPORATION SPLIT ITS STOCK TWO-FOR-ONE ON NOV. 3, AND THE LOW FOR THE YEAR, ADJUSTED FOR THE STOCK SPLIT, WAS 11½ . . .

LESTON P. FANEUF
GENERAL MANAGER
BELL AIRCRAFT CORP.
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FOREIGN RELATIONS

Unity Among Allies

Last week the United Nations General Assembly condemned Communist China for its illegal detention of U.S. military airmen. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold, asked to make "continuing and unremitting efforts" to bring about the Americans' release, promptly cabled Red China's Premier Chou En-lai requesting a meeting in Peking. The U.N. vote was impressive in itself (47 to 5, with seven abstentions), but even more so was the vigorous manner in which the U.S. and her allies, after long months of scarcely muffled dissonance, acted in concert. The censure tune's most spirited notes were, in fact, sounded by the representative of Great Britain, which had previously ignored many Red Chinese crimes in its determination to admit the Peking regime to the U.N.

In the course of the U.N. debate, the Chinese Reds announced that they were holding four more American military airmen, in addition to the eleven already listed as convicted on espionage charges. The four, named by U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., were Lieut. Lyle W. Cameron, 25, of Lincoln, Neb., shot down while on an armed reconnaissance flight over North Korea, and Lieut. Colonel Edwin Heller, 36, of Wynnewood, Pa., Captain Harold E. Fischer, 29, of Sween City, Iowa, and Lieut. Roland W. Parks, 25, of Omaha, all downed while on combat missions over North Korea. The General Assembly resolution last week called for action on all 15 uniformed men (but it did not cover two U.S. civilians also captured by the Chinese and sentenced on spying charges).

South of the Yalu. The heart of the U.S. case, as presented by Ambassador Lodge, rested on an explicit clause of the Korean armistice agreement, which required the return to their homelands of all prisoners of war who desired repatriation. There was no doubt in the Communists' mind about the meaning of this. On Aug. 31, 1953 their representatives on the Military Armistice Commission said: "Our side has repeatedly stated that our side will repatriate before the conclusion of the repatriations operation all captured personnel of your side who insist on repatriation, including those prisoners of war who have committed crimes before or after their capture."

Lodge displayed a radar map showing



U.S.'S LODGE CONGRATULATES BRITAIN'S NUTTING AT U.N.[®]
The script called for a fight; the author got one.

Wide World

that the B-29 carrying eleven of the imprisoned flyers had been attacked by twelve enemy fighters near the North Korean town of Sonchon, some 15 miles south of the Yalu. Said Lodge: "We do not know where it dropped, but we do know where it was attacked."

But, added Lodge, the "place where the plane or crew members came down is irrelevant. The repatriation provisions of the armistice agreement make no distinction at all on the basis of the place of capture . . . Even if the trumped-up charges against our airmen were true, which they are not, and even if our men were guilty of crimes, which they are not, they would still be covered by the armistice agreement provisions calling for the release of prisoners of war."

The Well-Dressed Spy. Russia's Jacob Malik, successor in the U.N. to the late Andrei Vishinsky, presented the Communist side of the dispute. Malik did his best to keep alive the fiction that the Peking government took no part in the Korean war, that the Red Chinese troops who fought in Korea were volunteers. Even so, he offered no factual evidence that the air space over "neutral" China had been violated. His sole proof of the U.S. flyers' guilt: some of them had "confessed."

Malik admitted, however, that the elev-

en B-29 airmen had all been in uniform when captured. Western delegates ridiculed the idea that any spy would be sent to China attired in full U.S. military regalia. Asked the United Kingdom's Anthony Nutting: "Is this the sort of suiting in which he would best hope to slip unobtrusively into a Chinese military headquarters and there steal the latest military movement orders?" Jacob Malik tried to retract his admission; he had, he said, been misquoted by his interpreter. Cabot Lodge stomped on that excuse. Malik, he said (and he had a recording to prove it), had used the words *v forme voyenne-slučashechkih*. Their meaning: "... in the uniform of military personnel."

"**A Miserable Product.**" It was, however, Britain's Nutting who used the harshest words against the Communists. What, he asked, about the Red claim that the Americans had confessed? "As Mr. Malik well knows," said Nutting, "that is the remarkable and sinister feature of Communist trials; the prisoner always confesses; the verdict is always 'guilty.' No doubt this is more efficient. No doubt it is easier to invent the facts than to ascertain them. No doubt it is less

At left, with hand extended: New Jersey's Republican Senator H. Alexander Smith.

embarrassing to have a prisoner confess his guilt than to have him plead and prove his innocence. But is it justice?" Of Malik's ideas on American spies in Air Force uniforms, Nutting said: "Such thoughts could only issue from a mind confused and haunted by spy mania. I say, therefore, that if anything were needed to prove to the civilized world the innocence of these eleven airmen, it is the tortuous confusion and the glib and hollow absurdity of the case brought forward by the Soviet Union . . . It must be obvious that all fair-minded men can see this case for what it is: a miserable product of absurdity and hypocrisy."

Despite the decisive condemnation vote, there were indications that the Chinese Communists had partly succeeded in one aim: that of distracting Jawaharlal Nehru's attention from Communist subversion in India by crying "Spy" at the U.S. Among the seven abstaining nations in



JIM BERRYMAN—WASHINGON STAR
"LYNCING BEE"

the U.N. vote was India, and Prime Minister Nehru was muttering something about "besides the legal question, there is the question of fact."

Against this small victory the Reds chalked up an enormous loss. Moscow and Peking work closely together, and in the light of recent dissension among the Western allies they could have expected Peking's move on the U.S. prisoners to widen the rift. An obvious part of this strategy was the Red Chinese announcement—on the same day that the U.S. airmen were convicted—that they would release a Canadian flyer also captured during the Korean war (see THE HEMISPHERE). The Communists figured that Washington would scream with indignation; Britain and France would interpret this as a further evidence of rash American bellicosity and back away, thus weakening the chances of a European agreement on German rearmament.

But events did not follow the Red script. President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles stressed patience and restraint in dealing with the prisoner issue. Britain took the strongly indignant line. The U.N. acted more decisively than it had on any issue since the beginning of the Korean war.

THE CONGRESS The Disbander

When the Senate's censure proceedings ended, Senator McCarthy could no longer complain that his exposure of Communists was being "hamstrung." With a public show of energy tempered by bluster, he ordered his Permanent Investigations Subcommittee into action, ostensibly to find Communists in defense plants.

At the committee's first open session, a scowling, puffy-eyed McCarthy, his lame right arm still in a sling, lumbered into the hearing room, followed by his wife Jean. South Dakota's Karl Mundt had just sworn in the day's first witness, a sometime FBI undercover source named Herman Thomas. For twelve minutes, Chairman McCarthy sat mute. Then he ambled out.

McCarthy had a statement to make answering President Eisenhower, who had congratulated Utah's Senator Watkins on a "splendid job" of preparing censure recommendations against McCarthy. Joe had first planned, he later confided to a few friends, to shoot his statement from the hip, but since he felt bad, had decided to write it out. In his office he dictated the statement to Jean. Then Mary Driscoll, McCarthy's secretary, delivered it to Mundt, whispering in his ear that her boss would like him to read it into the record and the TV cameras. After glancing over the two sheets of yellow paper, Mundt refused, muttering, "It's unfortunate, and it is not warranted." Secretary Driscoll retreated with the yellow sheets.

Soon Joe McCarthy was back in the hearing room. "As soon as I catch my breath," Joe whispered in Mundt's ear. "I want to make a statement." Said Mundt: "It's not warranted. It will be unfortunate, Joe." Joe snapped back: "They have been shooting at me, and I've got to get back at them."

"The next thing I knew," recalls Mundt, "he was saying, 'Mr. Chairman.'"

War by Apology. Clutching the yellow paper in his good left hand, McCarthy read what "may be my temporary swan song as chairman." It sounded more like the honk of a winged goose. Said Joe: "Our committee has been held up now for approximately ten months. The President of the U.S. has taken it upon himself to congratulate Senators Flanders® and Watkins, who have been instrumental in holding up our work . . . I should apologize to the American people for what was an unintentional deception upon them. During the Eisenhower campaign I spoke from coast to coast, promising the American people that if they would elect the Eisenhower Administration that they could be assured of a vigorous, forceful fight against Communists in Government.

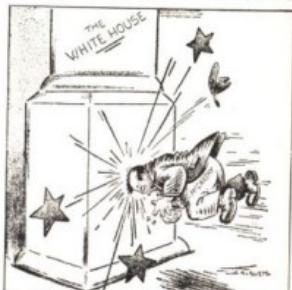
* This typically misleading McCarthy reach into the past may have given some the impression that Eisenhower had congratulated Flanders on initiating the censure resolution against McCarthy. Actually, Ike last March congratulated the Vermont Senator for a party unity passage in a Flanders speech.

Unfortunately, in this I was mistaken.

"The President . . . urges that we be patient with the Communist hoodlums who, as of this very moment, are torturing and brainwashing American uniformed men in Communist dungeons . . . If any Senator in the future can justify a vote to draft the sons of American mothers, then he must repudiate this shrinking show of weakness . . ."

McCarthy elbowed his way through the crowd, grasping the hand of informant Thomas as he went.

The Allies Depart. So unrestrained was McCarthy's declaration of war on Eisenhower that speculation immediately began to bubble about the prospect that Joe intended to lead a third party in the 1956 presidential race. To reporters who asked about this, Joe said: "I have no interest whatsoever—at the present time—in a third party. I intend to work in the Republican Party." With this parting



TALBERT—N.Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM & SUN
"MASSIVE RETALIATION"

statement, Joe and Jean left Washington for a vacation at an undisclosed place.

In Nassau, B.W.I., California's vacationing Bill Knowland threw McCarthy down hard. "This Administration has not been and in my judgment will not be in the future soft on the issue of Communism," he said. Arizona's Barry Goldwater said that McCarthy's charges against Ike were "not true." Even Maryland's John Marshall Butler, whose 1950 election victory is widely credited to McCarthy, deserted his idol, calling the attack "most unfortunate and uncalled for." Of the 22 Senators who had voted for McCarthy a few days before, only Idaho's Herman Welker publicly took a place at Joe's side. Said Welker: "I hardly think it is necessary for the Chief Executive to be warmly congratulating anyone."

Even the McCarthy-hacking "Committee for Ten Million" developed a major chink in its armor. General (ret.) James A. Van Fleet, the committee's biggest name, fired off a telegram to McCarthy saying that he was "shocked by your personal bitter attack," which "causes me to withdraw all support."

Thought of Revenge. At long last, Joe stood politically alone. A man who will let his temper trap him into such a

political debacle can hardly be expected to lead a serious third-party movement. Between now and 1956, McCarthy may get angry enough to run for President—not because he wants the job, but because he might see such a move as revenge. But even his third-party nuisance value is doubtful. The hard core of McCarthy's following—the group that not even Joe can drive away—probably contains as many Democrats as Republicans; a McCarthy candidacy would not result in much net loss to either party.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Progressive Moderate

Dwight Eisenhower, they say, is not a politician. But last week he took care of himself against attacks by two politicians, Republican Joe McCarthy and the new Democratic national chairman, Paul Butler.

At his news conference Ike said he would not reply to McCarthy's attack, that he would not engage in personal quarrels. What effect would a McCarthyite third party have on the Republican Party? Said Ike: "I have no crystal ball." He turned deadly serious and thumped the desk for emphasis as he continued: "If people want to split off . . . that will have to be their business . . . The great mass of the people of the U.S. want intelligent, and what I would call a group of progressive moderates handling their business, and that is exactly what I am working for."

Some of Eisenhower's friends, who have been urging the President to roll up his sleeves and trade blows with McCarthy, noticed to their surprise that the aloof Eisenhower tactic had worked: Joe had been given enough rope and it went to his political neck.

DEMOCRATS

The Thin Man

At their national committee meeting at New Orleans last fortnight, Democrats, looking to 1956, alternated between hope and despair. If Eisenhower does not run, they are almost sure they can win; if he does, they are almost sure they will be beaten. These conclusions are consistent with the main Democratic line of not publicly attacking Eisenhower. Since he is popular, attacks hurt the party of the attackers. Since he is a man of self-respect, personal attacks might lead him to seek vindication by running again.

Nobody explained this sound political logic to the new Democratic national chairman, Paul Butler. At a press conference, after the New Orleans meeting, Butler endorsed a personal attack on Ike attributed by a local newspaper to House Democratic Leader Sam Rayburn. Butler declared that Ike had demonstrated "his incapacity to lead the American people . . . His military background does not qualify Eisenhower as a political leader." If Butler had asked any of the reporters, he would have learned that Rayburn had vehemently denied any attack on Ike.



Walter Bennett

CHAIRMAN BUTLER
Deaf to the news.

Mirrored Doubt. Promptly, Republican National Chairman Leonard W. Hall fired back at Butler. Said Hall: "The pledge of Democratic leaders to cooperate with President Eisenhower in the best interests of the nation has been thrown in the ashcan . . . [They] are determined to undercut President Eisenhower in every possible way."

Hall's volley might have warned Butler. But he was still going strong two days later. In Kansas City with Harry Truman, Butler said it is "a sincere regret to me that [Ike] has seemed unable to bring to the task of civil government the qualities that made him such a renowned military leader."



Associated Press

C.I.O.'S QUILL
Attentive to teacher.

At the White House press conference, Ike, again observing his ban on personal invective, generalized his retort to Butler, but his generalization cut wide and deep. Said he: "I think too often politicians look into a looking glass instead of through a window . . . I really believe you [reporters] are better judges of interests, breadth of interests, capacities and the kind of things we are trying to do, than some politicians who, looking in the glass, sees only reflections of doubt and fear and the kind of confusion that he often tries to create."

Roars Dared. Hall followed up this haymaker by observing that he had never heard of Butler until recently, and was "not acquainted with his qualifications for passing judgment on great men." Great men with whom South Bend Lawyer Paul Mulholland Butler, 49, has associated are largely limited to fellow Hoosiers, notably Notre Dame Football Coach Frank Leahy, whose team Butler boosts devotedly, and ex-Governor Henry Schricker (1941-45, 1949-53), whom Butler served as a political trouble-shooter. Two years ago, Butler unseated burly Frank McHale, Indiana Democratic boss for 15 years, as the state's national committeeman. To contrast him with McHale, Indianaans call lank (5 ft. 11 in., 156 lbs.) Paul Butler "the thin man."

At week's end Butler charged again. He took notice of the party line by saying: "I will never vilify the President, as Senator McCarthy has this week." But he went on: "All the roars of Chairman Hall and other Republicans will not deter me from calling attention to the failures of the President."

One effect of Butler's (and McCarthy's) outbursts was to give greatly increased impetus to a "draft Ike" movement for the 1956 nomination. Among the movement's sponsors: several Republican governors, House Speaker Joseph W. Martin and Colorado's Senator Eugene Millikin. The Thin Man was off to a daring start as Democratic Chairman.

LABOR

Lesson One

Walter Reuther ruled the annual C.I.O. convention in Los Angeles last week with the precise authority of a schoolmarm. His slate of officers (with himself as president) was re-elected without opposition; his resolution praising the committee on A.F.L.-C.I.O. unity was quickly passed; his ideas on many subjects from foreign affairs (against blockading Red China) to a guaranteed annual wage (he is for it) were approved.

The one shrill note of opposition came when the Transport Workers' volatile Mike Quill, still burned up at the way the New York Democratic Party had blocked his candidate, Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr., from the gubernatorial nomination, rose on the floor and claimed that the C.I.O. was a tail to the Democratic kite. He complained the fact that "we are tying ourselves tighter and tighter to the Demo-

cratic Party . . . All across the country we find the blundering of the Democratic Party weighing us down." Quill called for "a third party, a political party, a labor party, a trade-union party, call it what you will, but a party of labor!"

Then the schoolmarm restored order. Patiently, Reuther recalled Lesson One: "Now to begin with, everyone who knows anything about the elementary facts of political history in America knows that third parties will get no one anywhere . . . We will get better results in New York when we have fewer press releases and more practical work in the neighborhoods in New York City. You cannot win political campaigns by making noise."

Quill, having made his noise and taken his public spanking, voted for Reuther's resolution praising the work of the C.I.O. Political Action Committee in its "traditional nonpartisan manner."

Dropped

Secretary of Labor James Mitchell stood before the C.I.O. convention in Los Angeles last week (*see above*) and came out against "right to work" laws on the books of 17 states (mostly Southern). C.I.O. delegates applauded because these statutes, which outlaw the union shop, have hindered labor organization in the South.

President Walter Reuther called on the White House to back up Mitchell. But the next day, in his press conference, President Eisenhower made it clear that Mitchell did not represent the Administration view. It was plain that the matter would drop there. Secretary Mitchell had no intention of proposing legislation that would abrogate the state laws against union shops.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Snake Charmer

Going to Washington is "like being taken by the scruff of the neck and thrown into a basket of snakes," remarked Detroit Banker Joseph Morrell Dodge two years ago when he prepared to take over as President Eisenhower's Budget Director. Last week Dodge, who has been back in Washington after a brief absence since he left the Budget Bureau, became Ike's chief snake charmer in charge of developing a comprehensive foreign economic policy.

The President named Dodge as chairman of a new Council on Foreign Economic Policy, whose other members will be Secretary of State Dulles, Treasury Secretary Humphrey, Commerce Secretary Weeks, Agriculture Secretary Benson, FOAAdministrator Stassen and three top White House aides.

A basketful of problems awaits Joe Dodge. Differences of approach among Dulles, Stassen, Humphrey and others have stalled Eisenhower's none-too-vigorous past efforts to construct a clear-cut U.S. economic policy for the world (*TIME*, Dec. 13). Dodge would not go back into the Washington snake pit if he was not convinced that this time Ike is determined to get his foreign economic program through Congress—a task that must begin with agreement inside the Administration.

HISTORICAL NOTES Boots & Saddles

A one-time shoeshine boy died in Brooklyn last week and, by way of mourning, a \$2,500 plater named Sunny Al was scratched in the eighth race at Tropical Park that afternoon. The former bootblack was Anthony Aste, 88, founder of the Griffin Manufacturing Co. (the world's largest makers of shoe polish) and owner of the old Ascot Stable. In six decades on the American turf, Sportsman Aste, "the King of the Bootblacks," had made his mark with a colorful personality and many a better horse than Sunny Al.

\$50,000 or Nothing. While still in school, Tony Aste, born in lower Manhattan, began shining shoes in the streets. Before he was old enough to vote, he was renting indoor space, putting stands in



N.Y. World-Telegram & Sun
"KING OF THE BOOTBLACKS"
Mr. Whitney had two minutes.

lobbies and aboard ferryboats, hiring other bootblacks. Dissatisfied with existing shoe polish, he hired a chemist to develop a new formula, and made his own—first for his stands and then for sale. He chose his trademark carefully, "I got the name out of a book," said Aste proudly. "A griffin is half-lion and half-eagle—king of the beasts and the birds."

He developed Griffin partly with the profits from another beast, named Nasturtium. Bought by Aste as a yearling for \$4,300, Nasturtium bloomed into the best two-year-old race horse of 1901. "The bluebloods must have got worried," Aste related with relish, decades later: "A bootblack with a champion!" William C. Whitney, one of that period's great turfmen, wanted to buy Nasturtium. Aste demanded a price then considered outrageous—\$50,000—and set a deadline of noon the next Saturday when this offer would be withdrawn.

Saturday morning Whitney showed up at the Aste home and continued to argue

about the price until Aste, looking at his watch, said coldly, "You have two minutes to make up your mind, Mr. Whitney." At noon sharp, Whitney bought the horse, paying \$50,000 in crisp new \$1,000 bills, which helped to build the Griffin Co. Shipped to England for the Derby, Nasturtium failed to win.

100 Years or Belmont. Aste won enough with a horse named Jack Point to pay for his Sheephead Bay home ("the house that Jack built"). He considered bookmakers his natural enemies. "It is no secret," the learned racing journal, the *Morning Telegraph*, once said, "that he fashioned some of the most devastating racing coups in this hemisphere." His two ambitions: to live to 100 or to win the Belmont Stakes. Aste cared much less about the Kentucky Derby. In 1913 he had the Derby favorite, Ten Point, a son of Jack Point. But the race was won by Donerail, at 9 to 1, the longest shot ever to take the Derby. The defeat of Ten Point was a catastrophe for the bookmakers, those old enemies of Anthony Aste. Although he achieved neither of his two ambitions, he was a breathtaking career, based upon a brilliantly simple innovation made at the age of 10. In Rome and Paris and Madrid and Cairo, men still have their shoes shined standing on the street, one foot up on a box. The posture is not easy for the kneeling bootblack or dignified for his customer. Anthony Aste pioneered with the U.S. gift to shoe-shining: the chair on a raised stand. By enthroning the customer he became "King of the Bootblacks" and a rival to Whitneys.

ARMED FORCES

Dreamboat

On autumn nights off the Philippines in 1944, the late Admiral Marc A. Mitscher used to talk about a postwar supercarrier that could be a mobile base for long-range bombers. From those talks grew a dream that would have top priority in Navy plans for a decade.

The first supercarrier was approved by Congress in 1948, named the *United States*. Funds for it were appropriated by the House on April 13, 1949. But ten days later, economy-minded Defense Secretary Louis Johnson canceled the order for the supercarrier, touching off the famed "revolt of the admirals" and the public brawl between the Navy and the Air Force. In 1951, when the Korean war stepped up military expenditures, the Navy again got funds for a supercarrier.

Last week at Newport News, Va., Mrs. James Forrestal, widow of the first Secretary of Defense, christened the supercarrier, named in her husband's honor. The dreamboat, wide enough to have the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth* placed side by side on her flight deck, moved 35 feet in a flooded drydock. In a year she would be ready for action. The *Forrestal's* cost, with planes: more than a third of a billion dollars (about \$372 million). The Navy has three more supercarriers on order, plans another in the upcoming budget, hopes eventually for ten.

DEFENSE

The Supersonic Shield

(See Cover)

If Moscow should decide some midnight to attack the U.S., 900 Soviet heavy bombers could be over North America by dawn. Some 300 Red planes, manned by elite crews and loaded with nuclear or thermonuclear bombs, would streak toward vital U.S. target areas. The others, carrying TNT and fire bombs, would serve to divert and confuse U.S. defenses. Twoscore well-placed hydrogen bombs could kill one-fourth of the American people; conceivably, an all-out surprise attack could destroy the nation's will to resist and power to strike back.

America's defenses against this nightmarish—but very real—possibility are centered in the pleasant resort town of Colorado Springs. There, in a two-story blockhouse, grey and windowless, is a huge Plexiglas map on which the position of any strange plane sighted anywhere over North America is immediately plotted. Within two minutes, two jet interceptors scramble skyward with orders to identify the unknown aircraft—or shoot it down.

The grey blockhouse and the scrambling jets are part of General Ben Chidlaw's Continental Air Defense Command. Like the Strategic Air Command, Chidlaw's Air Defense is at the ready every minute of the day and night. Its radar (*see cut*) and interceptors could make the difference between life and sudden death for millions of Americans and perhaps for the nation itself. No defense can be close to perfect, but the ever-alert, ever-expanding Continental Command is dedicated to the proposition that defense measures are practical, even in a thermonuclear war.

Massive Menace. By military standards, the danger of a Red strike against the U.S. is greater now than ever before. The Soviet Union is very nearly capable

of a knockout blow delivered without warning. In 1949, when the Reds first tested an atomic bomb, they lacked the means to strike directly at the U.S. They have since built a massive intercontinental striking force: *Aviatsiya Dalnevo Deystviya*, known to U.S. airmen as SUSAC (Soviet Union Strategic Air Command).

SUSAC now has at least 1,200 TU-4 heavy bombers stationed at newly built bases in the Soviet arctic, only a few hours' flying time from the U.S. In the last year SUSAC crews have been trained intensively in instrument flying and tank-er-refueling techniques for long-range raids (equaling round trips from Siberia to Los Angeles). They have been supplied with electronic bombsights, two new types of 600-m.p.h. jet bombers (the T-37 and T-39, resembling respectively the U.S. B-52 and B-47), and probably with hydrogen bombs.

The two jets first reported at the Moscow air show last May, can double the speed and multiply the menace of any Soviet air strike. Observers, who saw the huge T-37 flying over Moscow at 200 ft., hoped for a time that the planes were

prototypes displayed as bluff. But in June a flight of 60 T-39s flew over Moscow in perfect formation.

Seven Words for Survival. Until recent years, the U.S. had hardly any air defense. On the sound military theory that offense is the best defense, the U.S. entrusted its safety to the Strategic Air Command under General Curtis LeMay. The theory was, and is, that SAC's poised heavy-bomber punch would either deter the Communists from attacking, or destroy Communist production centers if they did.

Now, for the first time, the Reds may have strength enough to knock out SAC bases with a surprise blow. The U.S., unable to retaliate, would be doomed to destruction or surrender.

Air defense is thus essential to protect SAC's striking power and the American people (last week a mock atomic attack on Denver left 47,000 assumed dead). "If SAC is to remain an effective deterrent, it must be reasonably secure against enemy attack on its bases," said the No. 1 U.S. airman, General Nathan Twining. "One grand-scale atomic blow by the Soviets on our industrial and population centers could be decisive."

On Sept. 1 the Joint Chiefs of Staff upgraded and expanded the three-year-old Air Defense Command. General Chidlaw took operational control of all Army ack-ack and missile battalions, Navy patrol squadrons and radar picket ships, Marine Corps and Air National Guard fighter outfits assigned to air defense. The rechristened Continental Air Defense Command became an independent force reporting directly to the Joint Chiefs, who spelled out its mission in seven words: "Defend the United States against air attack."

Four-Star Flyer. Benjamin Wiley Chidlaw, 54, a sturdy six-footer, is accustomed to terse orders and tough assignments. Once, during World War II, the late General H. H. ("Hap") Arnold asked him: "What



GENERAL CHIDLAW (RIGHT) AT COLORADO SPRINGS CONTROL DESK
For Red ferrets, stakes, spikes and hot wires.

do you know about designing and building a jet airplane?" He replied, "Nothing much—does anyone?" "Well, Ben," said General Arnold, "you'd better find out. I've decided to put you in charge of the job." Chidlaw pioneered in developing America's first jet (the P-59, with a Bell air frame and General Electric engine). He was given a year to do the job; in less than 13 months the first jet was flying. He became one of the first U.S. airmen to fly a jet himself.

With 8,000 flying hours, he ranks second in Air Force seniority (first: Chief of Staff Twining). A four-star flyer entrusted with one of the nation's most vital commands, he is unpublicized and virtually unknown. But in 36 years of service he has piled up vast all-round experience. He has been a pursuit pilot, a flight instructor, one of the early B-17 pilots who worked out U.S. long-range bombing techniques. A top technician, he helped to develop retractable landing gear, variable pitch propellers, and a long

ten, eleven or twelve miles high." He has, however, a growing supply of fence—including stakes and spikes:

¶ More than 100 radar warning stations staffed by 10,000 airmen.

¶ Some 13,000 ground-observer posts manned by 370,000 civilian volunteers.

¶ Fifty-odd fighter squadrons equipped with more than 1,200 jet interceptors in the 600-m.p.h. class.

¶ More than 100 guided-missile launching sites for Nike antiaircraft rockets (which can shoot some 20 miles at supersonic speeds to destroy planes in mid-air).

¶ Several hundred emplaced 90-mm. and radar-aimed Skysweeper antiaircraft guns manned by 20,000 soldiers.

Ferrets & Dew. Soviet ferret raids have already felt out North America's defenses. U.S. jets on radar alert, scrambling from bases in Alaska and elsewhere, have repeatedly spotted distant Red reconnaissance planes. The Russians' mission: to try out the radar screen, draw out interceptors, chart and time defense reactions.



ALERT HANGAR: JET SCRAMBLE (NEAR BOSTON)
The fastest is too slow.

Verner Reed

line of U.S. combat planes. In World War II he led fighter forces in Italy, ended up commanding the Mediterranean Allied Tactical Air Forces, flew 19 combat missions himself.

One of his closest calls came long before the war, when his two-seater pursuit plane caught fire during a training flight in Florida. The sergeant-observer was slow to hit the silk; by the time Chidlaw helped him out and jumped himself, the plane was so low that his chute barely had time to open. He hit hard, broke a leg. He still puts in a lot of time in the air. To check up on his command last year, he logged 730 flying hours in his carpeted, wood-paneled command C-54—enough mileage to cross the U.S. coast-to-coast 70 times. Ruddy-faced and relaxed, he plays excellent golf (mid-70s)—but he can never be really relaxed about his Air Force assignment.

"Figure it out for yourself," said Chidlaw. "More than 3,000,000 square miles of territory to protect, 10,000 miles of border to guard, and a fence to build

The Reds know that between Alaska and Greenland they can penetrate virtually unchallenged over Far Northern Canada (which has no system of defense or detection other than a volunteer observer corps of trappers and Eskimos). They know that southward, along the U.S. flanks, coastal radar can scarcely spot low-flying planes until too late.

Gaps in the fence are being filled. On the East Coast a chain of some 25 radar stations, called Texas Towers because they resemble oil-drilling platforms in the Gulf of Texas, are to be anchored on the continental shelf up to 125 miles offshore. On both Geese flights of RC-121Cs, "Pregnant Geese," bulging with six tons of radar equipment, will soon maintain patrols around the clock. Canada is already building the mid-Canada line of small, semi-automatic, electronic-detection stations along the 50th parallel, about 500 miles north of the U.S. border.

Jointly, Canada and the U.S. decided this fall to go ahead with a Distant Early Warning ("Dew") radar line along the

continent's Arctic edge, some 1,800 miles north of Chicago, far enough away to give the U.S. three hours' warning. But the mid-Canada line will not be ready for months; the Dew line will not be ready for years.

America's fence in the sky now begins at the Pinetree radar line, straddling the U.S.-Canadian border. Begun in 1950, it is now in operation. Cost: some \$250 million (paid one-third by Canada, two-thirds by the U.S.). Pinetree is magnificently planned to track incoming raiders and guide U.S. interceptors in air combat. But radar's 200-mile range provides very short notice of attack. The Air Defense Command will not now guarantee any warning time at all.

Coastal radar runs from Vancouver to San Diego on the Pacific, from Labrador to Savannah on the Atlantic. Navy radar picket ships patrol offshore for added warning. Spot local radar nets have been built around critical targets—SAC bases, nuclear weapons centers and great cities. Mostly, the radar line is string-thin. Sometimes stations are closed for repairs. Usually, the radars are beamed high for maximum range, leaving gaps for low-level attack.

Goose & Carrot. Life on America's radar line—the 100-odd Aircraft Control and Warning stations—is an unsettling mixture of utter monotony and utmost intensity. Although every operator knows that the next blip on his radarscope could be the herald of death, staring steadily into the electronic eye can be endlessly boring. Radar sites are usually remote and lonely. Permanent stations, costing \$5,000,000 each to build and \$500,000 yearly to run, are surprisingly elaborate. Example: "Mother Goose," a warning site about 65 miles east of Albuquerque, N. Mex., is set up to protect the Los Alamos nuclear laboratory.

Mother Goose is manned by 15 officers and 150 airmen, commanded by red-headed Major Guy N. Hunter, 32. His 72-acre station, guarded by an 8-ft. steel-wire fence and about a dozen Air Police, includes an officers' lounge with a 24-in. TV set, beer patio, pastel-painted barracks, library, hobby shop, trailer park for airmen's families, and movies every night. A doctor comes every ten days, a chaplain every twelve days, a dentist once a year. "I've been in the Air Force 18 years," says First Sergeant Clifford Clegg, "and this is the best station by far." Most servicemen, however, rate radar stations as dreary, dismal duty.

The station exists to track Soviet raiders, if ever they come, and to guide by voice radio the U.S. interceptors scrambling skyward to give battle. In the windowless operations building, manned in shifts round the clock, two of several installed radar sets ceaselessly sweep the sky. Every passing plane is plotted, immediately reported to direction center "Carrot," which has to answer the insistent question: Is it the enemy?

Blip & Buzzer. Every day 25,000 aircraft, on the average, are flying over the U.S., and all are suspect until proved

friendly. Every plane flying near target areas or over 4,000 ft. must file a flight plan; any deviation of ten miles or five minutes attracts jet interceptors.

At Kirtland Air Force Base, Albuquerque, Carrot checks all aircraft reported by the regional radar and observer net (including Mother Goose). Carrot identifies planes through flight plans, airfield reports and other means, including IFF ("Identification Friend or Foe," electronic gadgets emitting special signals). No plane can remain unidentified for more than two minutes—the maximum is fixed by General Chidlaw's order—without the air controller at Carrot ordering a jet scramble.

Air Defense cannot take chances, will not accept radioed identification or radioed reports of in-flight changes which could easily be faked. Airline pilots used to change course with great frequency; jets once scrambled 200 times a month to check on incoming international airliners alone. Now, with the help of special identification systems, international interceptions are down to about 30 monthly. Airline pilots, to avoid the arrival of curious jets, stay more closely on course.

Carrot controls several jet squadrons on 24-hour alert, plus National Guard augmentation units. The alert squadrons, like others throughout the U.S., scramble three or four times a day. Their sleek interceptors are always armed, fueled and ready to roll, with the lead pair parked on the take-off strip and two more right behind. As at every air-defense base, restless jet pilots are always waiting in the ready shack for the buzzer—the loud rasping signal to scramble. "It sounds pretty awful," said one Kirtland pilot to a newsmen sharing his vigil, "after you've been here six months."

When the buzzer sounded, two pilots, bulky in their flying gear (pressure suit, parachute, oxygen mask, survival kit, maps), dashed toward two long, lean F-86D fighters. In two minutes they were surging down the runway with a crashing roar, and two more jets rolled into position for take-off. Before their wheels were fully up, the lead pair were getting radio orders and a fix on the suspect plane. Interceptor pilots can open fire at will against any aircraft they believe to be hostile. Identifications are quickly made in daylight; at nighttime, pilots buzzed by suspicious jets are quick to turn on their landing lights to identify themselves.

Fifteen Seconds to Alaska. Reports of every unidentified aircraft spotted over North America flash through the Air Defense network to the blockhouse in Colorado Springs. General Chidlaw's command post. On the great Plexiglas map, from six to a dozen unknown aircraft are being plotted at almost any time; as one is identified by the scrambling fighters, another is reported elsewhere.*

On Chidlaw's desk are three phones,

* WAFs and airmen stand behind the map and write on it backwards to plot positions, seen through the Plexiglas by observers in front. Women are better than men for the tricky task of writing in reverse.

colored red, white and black, for direct lines to his units, SAC headquarters and the Pentagon. His command is one of the Bell System's biggest customers (phone bill: some \$22 million last year). In one recent test an air general at the Colorado headquarters picked up a hot phone to call Pentagon Command Post. In exactly three seconds came the reply from Washington: "Pentagon Command Post." "This is a communications check," the general said. "Please disregard." Canada headquarters answered in 5 seconds. Newfoundland in 10, Alaska in 15. (For some pictures of U.S. Air Defense Command installations in Alaska, see NEWS IN PICTURES.)

In case of suspected attack, the hot line would carry a call which is no drill: *Air Defense Readiness.* At the signal, all military aircraft are to be armed, fueled and manned, all defense forces called to duty, the White House and top officials notified—but not the public.

Next signal, when the incoming aircraft



NIKE SITE: GUIDED-MISSILE LAUNCHERS (NEAR WASHINGTON)
1,500,000 parts are too many.

prove "manifestly hostile in intent": *Yellow Alert*, to set off air-raid sirens, ground all civilian planes. Final signal: *Red Alert*, meaning World War III. By then, bombs, and perhaps the bombers, would be plunging earthward.

Gauntlet of Fire. No armament can predict the kill rate if the attack force of 900 Soviet bombers strikes. "There are," said General Chidlaw, "too many intangible factors. Obviously, if the enemy struck in perfect weather and in small numbers, we'd do a most creditable job in cleaning him up . . . Bad weather and a tremendous mass of enemy planes might give us a hard time." Currently, U.S. defenses have serious defects:

¶ The Skysweeper guns cannot shoot fast enough to hit a supersonic jet or far enough to defend a target, as the gun's range is shorter than the radius of H-bomb destruction. Any bomber within gun range is already close enough to inflict ruinous thermonuclear damage.

¶ The Nike rocket has 1,500,000 parts, is complex and unpredictable. Better guided

missiles and more launching sites are necessary.

¶ Better jet interceptors are needed. The F-86D, the fastest fighter now in Air Defense squadrons, is hard to handle. Current interceptors have enough staying power for only one or two quick bursts at any intruders. The big new F-101 Voodoo, which has the range and speed for repeated passes, is only just going into production.

¶ Generally, the defensive system is too thin. Only the Northwest and Northeast are defended in depth (fighter bases covering New York extend north to Labrador). Elsewhere, the jets might scarcely have time to make their pass before the attack reaches target areas. Eventually, as the arctic radar net is spun, other bases may be built in the Far North so that attackers would have a longer, more lethal gauntlet to run on their way to the U.S.

Thunder & Lightning. New dangers are shaping up. Soon Soviet submarines, submerged far offshore, will be able to

launch guided missiles against the U.S. In a few years Soviet missiles may be capable of destroying New York 30 minutes after taking off from arctic Siberia (already dotted with missile launching sites). But danger is no cause for despair. Top U.S. strategists believe that the Soviet Union may never make a successful attack—or any kind of an attack—so long as the U.S. keeps up its guard and, above all, its ability to strike back. A strong, alert air defense, by its very existence, can help to preserve both the peace and the U.S.

America's fence in the sky is going up fast. This year the Administration approved an added \$1 billion for air defense, and more increases are in prospect. The estimated cost now runs to more than \$4 billion a year. With the money, General Chidlaw can give the U.S. a growing margin against calamity: he can promise no more. "It is better," says Ben Chidlaw, quoting an old Cheyenne chief, "to have less thunder in the mouth and more lightning in the hand."

NEWS IN PICTURES

ALASKA: G.I.S ON THE NORTHERN FRONTIER



REMOTE CAMP. Isolated in top-of-world wilderness, is lonely, 12-month home for troops manning radar post. Short on water, men break monotony every two weeks with trips to a rear base for luxury of hot showers.

Photographs for TIME by Ross Madden—Black Star

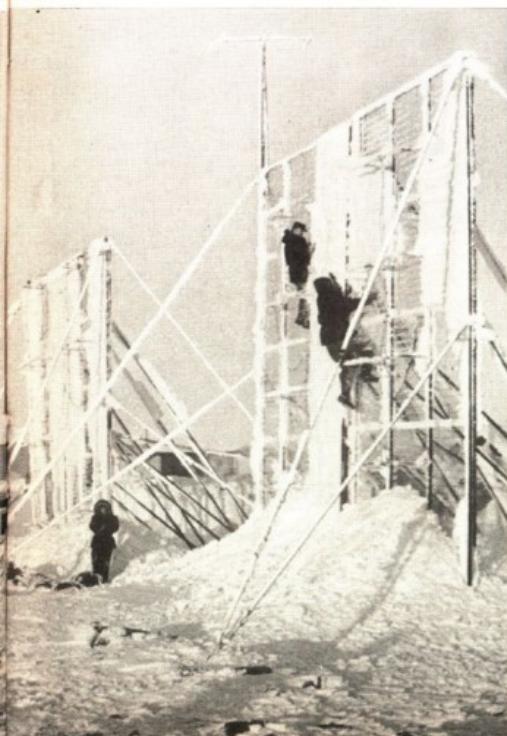
FAR up in the arctic, where the U.S. and Canada are fashioning the continent's most northerly line of defense, G.I.s are meeting and mastering a new and sometimes terrifying frontier where mere survival is often an everyday concern. In 40°-below-zero temperatures, where icy metal sears flesh like a hot stove, troops are learning the best way to wear special cold-weather clothing (loose and in many layers), to cross the frozen tundra with tracked weasels and big-tired snowmobiles, to get work done on winter days with only two hours of daylight. At snowbound bases and radar posts, like those shown in these pictures taken for TIME last week, buildings are connected by tunnels, and men can remain indoors for months at a time. But for most G.I.s the 24-hour-a-day job of defense is far from an indoor business, so the modern arctic soldier learns how to make comfortable camps, snare hare and ptarmigan and keep fires burning in the wet and cold with shredded sticks.

RADAR DOME, nerve end of the continent's forward defense line, looms above mountaintop camp in northwestern Alaska. Men clear snow from antennas.





TEST DROP in 27°-below-zero temperature on wind-blown tundra in east central Alaska is watched by parka-clad men training at Army's Big Delta Arctic Indoctrination School.



TRACK-DRIVEN WEASEL, airlifted to outlying radar stations, provides ground transportation around camps. Interior of cab is warmed by large heater called the "South Wind."

FOREIGN NEWS

JAPAN

The Man Who Came Back

His enemies closed in around the little man in the antique wing collar, their curved samurai swords sharpened for his political execution. "You answer in a strong voice, and you look healthy," a conservative mocked him. "The fact that the Prime Minister is able to appear at all . . . is due to our spirit of chivalry," taunted a Socialist. At one point during his long inquisition before the Diet, 76-year-old Shigeru Yoshida, Premier of Japan for seven years, began to defend himself, but lost his way through his notes. "Ah . . . ah . . . ah," he mumbled, shuffling his papers. "Ah . . . ah . . . ah," his enemies mimicked him in pitiless unison.

One day last week, Japan's right-wing conservatives and Socialists ganged up against Yoshida in unnatural alliance. "It is hereby resolved," they moved, "that the House of Representatives does not trust the Yoshida Cabinet. It has continued, without definite objectives, the maladministration of the Occupation; it has indulged in secret diplomacy; it has blundered in economic policies at home. Public sentiment has become nauseated . . . and voices clamor for change." This coalition of right and left could muster a clear majority: 120 conservative "Japan Democrats" and 135 Socialists v. 185 for Premier Yoshida's conservative Liberal Party.

Around a table where chrysanthemums were set in a Chinese vase, the Yoshida Liberals brooded and concluded that defeat was sure. At 1 p.m. on the 13th anniversary of Pearl Harbor, the Liberal Party made its decision: to resign before a vote. It remained solely thereafter to inform Shigeru Yoshida, and to lay the hara-kiri knife of resignation before him. The party's chosen emissary for this work, a hawk-faced man, turned pale at the prospect of facing the old autocrat, but complied.

The Purged. The following day another old man, a friend turned enemy, took Yoshida's place as Premier of Japan. Ichiro Hatoyama, 71, crippled from a stroke, hobbled through strewn flashbulbs to an inner room of the Diet, where he faced the press. "I would like to awaken the people," he said, "to a deeper, more serious sense of their independence as a nation . . . I intend to institute a careful review of the laws made under the Occupation, upholding those with merits, and discarding those with demerits."

Ichiro Hatoyama paid scant attention to his own Occupation demerit, the fact that Douglas MacArthur had purged him from public life for "ultra nationalism . . . supporting aggression . . . duplicity." Later Hatoyama remarked: "One American told me—it may have been flattery—that my purge was the Occupation's greatest mistake."

Impulse & Imperialism. In Tokyo several years ago, Hatoyama and Yoshida got into a venomous conversation. "Do you really want to be Premier so much?" asked Hatoyama. "I don't want to be Premier; you're the one who does," answered Yoshida. They understood one another perfectly.

Hatoyama's father (a Ph.D. from Yale) and Hatoyama's mother were so anxious for their boy to become a statesman that the mother determinedly read biographies



Jun Miki—LIFE

PREMIER HATOYAMA®
A triumph for prenatal influence.

of great men during her pregnancy, hoping thereby to exert a prenatal influence. Hatoyama responded to his destiny: he became a Tokyo city councilman at 27, a Diet member at 31. But the greatest prizes eluded him. Hatoyama's mind was courtly, his thinking was conservative, but Hatoyama had an impulsive nature. In a prewar Diet noted for brawls, he developed a great reputation as a fistfighter. Once, made angry by something a Premier was saying, Hatoyama rushed up to the dais and tore up the Premier's notes.

During the 1930s Hatoyama supported the imperialism of his seniors, and served in two Japanese Cabinets. He stumped Europe and the U.S., defending the Japanese invasion of China as a step necessary for "the happiness of the Chinese people."

Behind him (with crutches), Foreign Minister Shigemitsu.

After Pearl Harbor, however, Hatoyama broke with the militarists, fearing disaster. Hatoyama sat out most of the war on his farm.

"I Can't Understand It." A few months after the surrender, Ichiro Hatoyama founded the Liberal Party and led it to victory in the 1946 elections. He was designated Japan's first Occupation Premier and was getting ready to present his credentials to the Emperor when a message came down from the Occupation. Hatoyama had been purged as "undesirable." Hatoyama was shocked. "I can't understand it," he muttered. "I just can't understand it." The fact was that a left-wing U.S. journalist had translated a prewar book of Hatoyama's with glowing references to Hitler and Mussolini, and had presented the evidence to Occupation authorities. Right-Winger Hatoyama has insisted ever since that he was framed by Communists.

The purged Hatoyama bequeathed the Liberal Party—and in effect the prime ministry—to Yoshida. Yoshida accepted the job only as "a son-in-law under apprenticeship." But when Hatoyama was depurged five years later, Yoshida blandly refused to step down, on the ground that Hatoyama's stroke had made him "too frail" to serve.

Insult & Instability. In triumph last week, Premier Hatoyama got in a few insulting slaps at his fallen enemy. "I will not be arrogant—like Yoshida," he told newspapermen. He would not move into Yoshida's official residence, because "it's much too luxurious for me." Henceforth, added Premier Hatoyama, there would be no more official Buicks and bodyguards, no more big parties for foreigners. And there would be other changes.

For Foreign Minister, Hatoyama named Mamoru Shigemitsu, who served as Foreign Minister to Tojo and later signed the surrender aboard the U.S.S. *Missouri*. Five more of Hatoyama's ten top ministers were men listed as "undesirable" by Douglas MacArthur's Occupation. The new Foreign Minister guardedly noted that his policy would be "cooperation with the free nations, particularly the U.S. and Britain," but his first concern was nonetheless to move Japan towards increased trade with Red China. "Motionless, diehard anti-Communist diplomacy," said Tokyo's daily *Yomiuri Shimbun*, "runs counter to the current of the times."

Right-Winger Ichiro Hatoyama, a sick man eager for office, paid a high price for his Socialists' support, promising to convene general elections (in which the Socialists are expected to make considerable gains) before the end of March. So Hatoyama can run little more than a caretaker government. At best, for several critical months there can be no real stability in Japan. At worst, Hatoyama and Shigemitsu may set Japan moving farther and farther from Yoshida's pro-Americanism, more and more towards neutralism.

CHINA

Badgered Man

It was more than a "peace-loving" Chinese Communist could stand. Every recent visitor to Peking, from Britain or India or Burma, kept softly urging China's Chou En-lai to ease tensions and stop being so provocative. What's more, they insisted on taking literally what he had said about peaceful coexistence and non-interference in others' domestic affairs, and even acted as if they expected him to live up to his promises.

The latest such distinguished visitor was Burma's mild, shrewd little Premier U Nu. Mao Tse-tung's China gave him the regular bear-hug welcome, and was aggrieved to find its guest full of gentle remonstrances.

Under the Fans. When Chou En-lai recently visited Burma, said U Nu, he expressed his admiration for Burma's moral integrity. U Nu pointed the moral: "Friendly relations between countries, solidarity and progress rest mainly on moral integrity. Here lip service without sincerity cannot achieve anything." Commented Burma's English-language *Nation*: "It is something like saying to a dangerous animal, 'I know you are a good boy, and won't bite anyone,' when what one really means is, 'I hope you will be a good boy and not bite me.'"

With apparent inconsequentiality, U Nu chattered on about his country. "Burma is a hot country. In all the three seasons—summer, the monsoon and winter—people are perspiring." He added blandly: "I had seen that his Excellency Premier Chou En-lai was perspiring profusely under the fans." It was a sly dig: in Burma, a man is said to be "sweating under the fans" when he has something on his conscience.

U Nu went on to recount the long, friendly relationship between Burma and China. "I want to bring home the fact that only two wars were fought in the course of 1,000 years between China and Burma when China was ruled by foreign warlords who were out for territorial expansion," he said. "When China was ruled by her own national kings, it was found that peaceful relations existed between our two countries." Sitting near by, Moscow's chosen instrument Liu Shao-chi could not fail to get U Nu's point.

Rise in Temper. Such chidings (like those of Nehru and Attlee) seemed neither to soften Chou's temper nor change his tune. Scarcely had U Nu left Peking last week for a tour of Manchuria when Chou launched a furious tirade at the U.S.-Formosa security pact. "A grave, warlike provocation!" he cried. If the U.S. did not withdraw from its "occupation" of Formosa, "it must take upon itself all the grave consequences."

Said Chou: "Taiwan [Formosa] is China's territory, and Chiang Kai-shek is the public enemy of the Chinese people. To liberate Taiwan and liquidate the traitorous Chiang Kai-shek clique is a matter which falls entirely within the scope of



EASTLIFE

CHINA'S MAO & BURMA'S U NU IN PEKING
In the midst of a bear hug, a sly dig.

China's sovereignty and internal affairs, and no interference by any foreign country will be tolerated . . . It is a genuine act of defense for the Chinese people to liberate their own territory."

Asking Red China to accept Chiang's presence on Formosa, complained Chou with Communist chop logic, was like asking a Munich-like appeasement. "To sacrifice territory and sovereignty can only lead to further aggression. It cannot bring about genuine peace. The Chinese people understand that only by resisting aggression can peace be defended."

Plainly, Chou En-lai had been sweating profusely behind the mask of peace.

POLAND

Let's Try Again

One of Yalta's broken promises was that postwar Poland would be a democracy with a popularly elected government. To keep up this hollow fiction, the Polish Communist Party insists that Poles vote for a preselected slate of Communist candidates. Last week, announcing the results of current elections, Radio Warsaw added a shocked comment: in some villages "less than one-half of those entitled to vote went to the polls," while in others "less than one-half the number of required councilors were elected." The Communist corrective: elections will be reheld and villagers forced to vote.

FRANCE

The Quick and the Dead

With quick, nimble feet France's Premier Mendès-France danced around the political quicksands of the Palais Bourbon last week and brought German rearmament so close to ratification that Russia responded with her most powerful propaganda attack on France in years.

Mendès had promised the world a French

Assembly vote on the Paris accords by Dec. 23. He had also declared himself in favor of ratification first and a meeting with Malenkov later. But powerful French right-wing Deputies, no longer able to delay the vote, sought to delay implementation of the treaties—to give Russia chance to show by her actions that German rearmament was unnecessary. Mendès moved with accustomed nimbleness. The French chargé d'affaires in Moscow was instructed to talk with Molotov about the Austrian peace treaty. Then Mendès told the rightist Deputies: "If the Russians really have anything to say, they can say it to the chargé."

Angry Russians. The Russians had plenty to say. In a 1,400-word communiqué they attacked the French government for not having accepted the Russian proposal for an all-European security conference and promised to step up Russian military preparedness if the Paris accords are signed. Then, in Moscow's Hall of Columns, before a picked audience, including French Ambassador Louis Joxe, Molotov made a direct appeal to France to reject the Paris accords, which he said, would be "regarded as a military menace."

On the platform were Communist Bosses Malenkov and Khrushchev and Marshals Bulganin and Voroshilov. Beside Molotov, under a placard proclaiming, in French and Russian, Franco-Russian friendship, sat French Communist Poet Louis Aragon. Blustered Molotov: "We shall not be caught napping by ratification of the Paris agreements . . . If need be, the Soviet Union will demonstrate its right and the righteousness of our cause. The Soviet Union and the Chinese People's Republic and the People's Democracies have such manpower, and enjoy such support abroad, that there is no force in the world that could arrest our progress along the path we choose."

In Paris, before the sound of Molotov's

saber-rattling could reach French ears, the Assembly's powerful Foreign Affairs Committee took a vote. This was the formidable body that had doomed EDC, 24 to 18. Now, by a combination of ayes, nays and abstentions, it recommended ratification of German rearmament, by a majority of but one vote.⁶ By this narrow margin, Mendes, man of close shaves, had got past another difficulty. Next week the Assembly itself will debate ratification.

Bedtime Scheme. It was not Mendes' only close shave of the week. Lying awake one night at Blair House during his recent visit to Washington, Mendes-France thought of a scheme for France's troubles in Tunisia. Why not offer an amnesty to the *fellaghas* (outlaws) in the Tunisian hills, induce them to lay down their arms? Tunisian nationalists insist they deplore violence; let them prove it. French rightists were against any kind of dealing with the *fellaghas*. Mendes' ten-day amnesty offer came to an end on the eve of a vote on his North African policy. He was able to report that 2,500 *fellaghas*, more than the number estimated to have been at large, had come down from the hills and surrendered 2,000 pieces of armament. With this news, Mendes won Assembly approval of his policy at 6 a.m., after an all-night debate, by a majority of 20 votes. "Small, but good," said Mendes with weary satisfaction.

Things were looking up again for him. The week had also seen the inauguration

♦ Even the one vote majority was something of a freak. A Deputy, who stepped out of the room just before the balloting, said he had meant to abstain but was recorded aye. He did not change his vote, however.

of the Mendes plan of distributing milk to all French schoolchildren as part of his drive against France's alarming increase in alcoholism. Schoolchildren in the town of Chatelet-en-Brie bravely tried the strange drink in lieu of their usual watered wine. But Mendes himself, who takes something stronger on occasion himself and is a little tired of all the milk publicity, scorned the usual pre-debate glass of milk on the rostrum beside him.

ITALY

Immobilismo

Balding little Mario Scelba began his premiership briskly last February by saying: "Now let's get down to business." Though his majority was small, he announced bold projects to cure Italy's nagging ills, and acted as if he expected to launch them forthwith. Living up to his reputation as Italian Communism's chief scourge, which he had earned as De Gasperi's Minister of the Interior, Scelba began auspiciously by ejecting Communist organizations from the lush premises they had seized from former Fascist owners and by evacuating government-employee unions (mostly Communist-run) from government-owned buildings.

"For the first time, after many years of waiting, Italy has a government willing to pass from the defensive to the offensive in this fight against subversion," said Rome's *Il Tempo*. The Cabinet announced one project after another: an extensive public-works program to alleviate Italy's chronic unemployment, a big housing program, a new income-tax law providing six-month prison terms for Italy's notorious

tax evaders. But after ten months in office, Premier Mario Scelba's government has failed to get even one of its major proposals enacted into law. In Rome's cafés, the word for Scelba's performance is *immobilismo*.

Parliamentary Inaction. One trouble lies in the wrenching strains within Scelba's patchy coalition of Christian Democrats, Liberals, Social Democrats and Republicans. Right and left wings mistrust each other. In parliamentary committee, the coalition partners haggle, filibuster and squabble in bickering inaction. The tax-evasion bill was proposed in March, introduced into the Senate in April, referred to the finance committee, which did not even discuss it for three months. Then Liberals and conservative Christian Democrats proposed one amendment after another to the bill. Said one government member ruefully: "In America you have penalties up to ten years for tax evaders. Here in Italy, when we try to write a jail provision for six months, we are called radicals."

The public-works program has not even reached the discussion stage. The housing program was proposed in April, sent to committee, and has not been heard of since. Neither has the program for new school buildings. Communists or fellow travelers, who hold more than a third of the seats in Parliament, sabotage and delay. Quarreling allies and vigorous enemies are not Scelba's only handicaps. There is also the problem of his own Christian Democratic Party.

Though Scelba is Premier, the head of the party (and its real organizational strongman) is Amintore Fanfani. Fanfani, who wants to be Premier again himself some day, has supported the Scelba government publicly. But he has been careful not to identify himself with it, and is not in the Cabinet. He has often been privately critical. Fanfani could bring down the government now. But he would rather wait until he judges the moment ripe, and his own political machine ready, for a new election. Fanfani's temporizing contributes to *immobilismo*.

New Beginning. Even Scelba's vaunted drive against the Reds has stumbled, staggered and almost stopped, though the climate for action against the Communists has never been better. Last week, goaded by its critics, the Scelba government tried to make a new beginning. Tacitly admitting his inability to force any new law through against Communist obstructionism, Scelba announced a new attack on the party's purse by the only course left to him—stricter enforcement of existing laws. Principal targets are Communist-run enterprises such as building societies, which are run as businesses for profit, to feed the party's coffers while claiming exemption from taxation as "cooperatives." Another Cabinet decision: Communist state employees will no longer get raises in pay above a certain level, or promotions to high civil posts. Critics wondered aloud why these sensible steps had not been taken nine months ago.



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NEW INDUSTRIAL ESTATE IN BLANTYRE, NEAR GLASGOW
From bleak austerity and cold damp to prosperity and perkiness.

A. T. Kelly

SCOTLAND

Proud Nation

For centuries the Scots have been forced to be proud of their disadvantages—they have so many of them. There is their climate, whose rains make stone walls sweat with cold damp, and whose glinting sunlight fleetingly transforms forbidding rocks into some of the world's loveliest scenery. There are the English, who keep trying to treat Scotland as a conquered province instead of a proud nation. There is the grudging Scottish soil, whose bleak austerity breeds, by sheer force of survival, hardy sheep bearing wool that makes the world's finest tweeds. There is the Scottish economy, founded on ships and coal and heavy machinery, which, when depression hit, crashed with the thundering completeness of a toppling crane.

But last week Scots were perky. For Scotland is enjoying a prosperity so bounteous that the canny Scots regard it almost with suspicion. Dollar-wise, Scots boast that Scotland, with a population (5,000,000) smaller than London's, has been practically supporting England since the war. If Scotland were not tied to the English economy, they suggest, it could have been reveling in dollar prosperity during the postwar years of austerity.

Boom on the Clyde. Industrial production is at an alltime high, up 10% in the past two years alone. From John o'Groats to the Mull of Galloway, unemployment is almost unknown. Glasgow, whose Clydeside shipyards make it the world's biggest builder of ships, is booming. More important, through energetic promotion Scots have succeeded in diversifying their industry against a new time of trouble; in the past five years, 500 firms have established new factories or made major expansions in Scotland. Where, before, its prosperity was almost wholly dependent on shipyards, foundries and blast furnaces, Scotland now makes 90% of Britain's sewing machines, a third of all Britain's watches and clocks, typewriters, office machines and carpets. "Today, everything is made in Scotland," was the theme

of this fall's Scottish Industries Exhibition. In the past three years, money in circulation has more than quadrupled.

Scots at first tested their new prosperity as cautiously as thin ice. They had been prosperous before. In the late 19th century, coal and iron built Glasgow into Britain's second largest city (a rank now contested by Birmingham), and Scots flocked down from their hill farms until a third of the whole population lived within 20 miles of Glasgow. When depression came in the 1930s, heavy industry closed down, and one of every three working Scots was unemployed. A group of Scottish businessmen resolved it should never happen again, and formed the Scottish Development Council to launch "industrial estates." On these they built factories, furnished power and water, built homes for workers, and invited manufacturers to move in. Some 360 have, making products from plastics to electronics, from pharmaceuticals to refrigerators.

Put to the test, diversification proved sound. When Britain's industrial production sagged in a 1952 recession, Scotland's dropped a trifling 1%.

Luring the Dollars. Scotch whisky has long been the chief dollar-earner for Britain (though now rivaled by English automobiles). Scottish woolens, cardigans and tweeds are thriving. The little cashmere-sweater town of Hawick, with a working population of only 3,500, earned some \$10 million in foreign currency last year—almost \$3,000 per worker. To keep the dollars rolling in, the Scottish Council makes continuing surveys of foreign markets, puts out a monthly magazine listing export opportunities, and peppers Scotch exporters with useful tips, such as: "The president of the Canadian Association of Purchasing Agents is a Scot!" The council has lured 22 U.S. and two Canadian firms to Scotland, ranging from watchmakers (U.S. Time Corp. and Westclox) through electric razors (Sunbeam) and business machines (I.B.M., National Cash Register), with such success that \$3 out of every \$4 invested in industry in the British Isles since the war has been invested in Scotland.

Prosperity has brought a problem strange to Scotland—the need for more manpower. Over the years, Scotland's greatest export has always been Scotsmen. There are four Scots abroad for every one in Scotland. Its white-collar class fled from its dour hills and sooty cities, and as the warmth died from the great Glasgow furnaces, its best working manpower drained away to other lands. Today that wasting loss of the nation's best blood has been stanched.

Harshest hit by emigration were the Highlands, that rocky, storm-lashed and lovely country of glens, burns and lochs which makes up more than half of Scotland's land area. Only 300,000 stubborn crofters are left, and the men are mostly old. There are not enough able-bodied men to attract industry, and not enough industry to keep able-bodied men there. But dozens of dams and power stations are being built or planned (Scotland's prewar generating capacity has been increased fivefold), forests are being reseeded and replanted, abandoned farms reclaimed from the encroaching bracken. John Hobbs, a Canadian who made a fortune in whisky, has set out to woo the Highland crofter from his sheep and show him how to make more money with cattle, demonstrating with a 16,000-acre ranch of his own, complete from cowboys to roundups.

The Foreign English. In both Highlands assistance and Lowlands development, British government money has contributed a massive share. But to the Scots, the government in London is still "the English government" and the Englishman a foreigner. Their finances and their fate are inextricably bound up with England, but, if only as a point of pub honor, Scots hate to admit it. They profess grave doubt that their 1707 union with England is a good thing. They bristle at small slights. It rankles that some English ministries call their Scotland representatives "Regional Controllers," that the Festival of Britain brochures chopped off Scotland at the Tweed, that the English refuse to admit that Queen Elizabeth is only Elizabeth I in Scotland and coronation posters trace her lineage from the first Queen Elizabeth

"meaning she's directly descended exclusively from a virgin queen, I suppose," said one Scot scornfully. "No mention of Mary, Queen of Scots, in her lineage."

Scotland has more real autonomy than most foreign observers bother to understand, who think the Border only another kind of Mason-Dixon line. Scotland has full control of its own school system (rated better than England's), its own established church (Presbyterian) and its own legal system, which is based more on Roman law than on English Common Law. Marriage, divorce, drinking and traffic regulations are made in Scotland. Scottish banks issue their own currency, which is interchangeable with English pounds.

Partner, Not Pauper. Like the U.S. Southerner's maledictions on the "damnyokes," a Scot's abuse of the Sassenachs is often more of an emotional outlet than a political platform. But the emotion was real enough for a Royal Commission to report last July on a two-year study of the recent "deterioration" of relations. The commissioners recommended further "devolution" by letting Scotsmen administer government agencies in Scotland for Scotland, and summarized: "There should be full understanding and recognition . . . that Scotland is a nation, and voluntarily entered into union with England as a partner and not as a dependency."

With that, Scotland will be content. Like the first mate in the whaling story, all Scotland asks of England is "plain sevility, an' that of the commonest, God-damnedest kind."

After all, Scotland is no longer a poor relation.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Silent Treatment

For one entire year, Ron Hewitt had worked in a silent world. From the moment he stepped into the cabin of his crane, no one talked to him; all around, the 300 men he worked with in the foundry of the Staveley Iron and Chemical Co. chatted and joshed with each other, but to Hewitt they spoke not a word, not even hello. It was almost as though his working day were spent in solitary confinement.

Every day he climbed into his little cage 20 feet above the foundry floor, to guide his big, metal-toting crane. His co-workers rapped their hammers on stanchions to gain his attention, then motioned what they wanted him to do. The incoming relief operator scrawled necessary messages on the crane walls. At tea-time, while the others horsed around, Hewitt sat alone in his crane.

The Double Six. Hewitt's crime, in the eyes of his fellow workers, was his failure last December to join the one-day walkout of the Amalgamated Engineering Union at the Staveley works in Derbyshire. He had not joined the strike because his own union, the General and Municipal Workers, said not so. Despite the explanation, Ed Boyce, the A.E.U. shop steward, ruled: "The men in this shop are not

going to speak to you for six months." Hewitt might have moved on to some other shop, because he was still in good standing with his own union, but he resolved: "I'm not going to knuckle under."

When the first six months of silence was up, Boyce was still unrelenting. "We must have solidarity," he said, and decreed another six months. If any of the foundrymen felt sorry for Hewitt, they were even more concerned not to defy Boyce. Shop Steward Boyce—who made a trip to Moscow last year, but denies that he is a Communist—runs his little bailiwick ruthlessly. Hewitt's own union said: "Officially we don't know the situation exists." His employers echoed: "It's a matter for the men." Said Boyce flatly: "It's none of the public's business."

The Change of Heart. Last week the second six months was up, and Boyce gave every indication of renewing Hewitt's os-



CRANEMAN RON HEWITT
Why workers form unions.

tracism. "Tyrants in Overalls," cried London's *Daily Express*. "The tyranny among Ron Hewitt's mates is as wicked as any that ever caused workers to form a union."

Several days later, at noontime, Hewitt as usual went off by himself to the canteen for lunch. His workmates, members of the A.E.U., gathered for a quick meeting. The public outcry was beginning to tell on them. Machinist Stan Wetton got up and said: "Our attitude has become un-Christianlike." The other men nodded. Before they adjourned, the men voted to thank Ed Boyce for being such a good steward—but also to lift the ban on Hewitt. When Hewitt came back from lunch and climbed into his cage, Boyce walked over and said: "O.K., Ron, it's all off." Hewitt smiled and shook Boyce's hand. "I don't bear anyone any malice," said Hewitt in a burst of talkativeness. "Let bygones be bygones."

More Prang for the Pound

"The lion's wings have molted," cried London's Tory *Daily Mail* last week. "Our planes are out of date," complained the Liberal *News Chronicle*. Said the worried *Manchester Guardian*: "The gap in the air defenses of Britain is disturbingly evident."

In press and Parliament, a growing concern was heard last week over what Britain is getting for its huge arms expenditures (\$4.6 billion a year, more than 35% of the budget). Two years ago, before the U.S. got its new look, the British decided to concentrate on the Royal Air Force's atom bombers and supersonic fighters. The Royal Navy is no longer able to keep up with the Joneses, or even the Ivanovs. The British army is now held down to 450,000 men. Yet after these two years of "superriority," most R.A.F. squadrons are flying obsolescent aircraft, which are no match for Russian MIGs.

Old & New Fashions. Prototype models of superb British swept-wing jets annually impress the world at the Farnborough air show, yet the R.A.F.'s Fighter Command still depends for its frontier strength on a nucleus of Sabre jets, supplied by the U.S. and Canada. Britain's V-class bombers (Valiants, Vulcans and Victors) are still not operational, and to deliver its atom bombs, Bomber Command relies on the twin-engine Canberra, now officially classed as a "medium bomber." British designs are often first-rate, but British production is sluggish. The major difficulty is that the British Cabinet is still unsure how best to apportion its defense funds to meet the facts of the Hydrogen Age. "The H-bomb," confessed Sir Winston Churchill last month, "has fundamentally altered the entire problem of defense . . . Considerations founded even upon the atom bomb have become obsolescent, almost old-fashioned."

Less & More. Britain's Defense Minister, vigorous Harold MacMillan, after only six weeks in office, has set himself the goal of beefing up British defenses while lowering British taxes—to get more prang for the pound, a British version of more bang for a buck. MacMillan has made several big decisions. Items:

¶ Britain's antiaircraft command, which employs 100,000 regulars and reserves, is soon to be abolished. Reason: The Red air force's swept-wing, supersonic T-39 bomber (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) flies well above the range of Britain's heaviest ack-ack guns. MacMillan hopes to replace the gun batteries with radar-directed rockets, able to find and destroy enemy bombers traveling at 1,000 m.p.h. at heights up to 60,000 ft. But such rockets might take years to perfect and produce.

¶ The Royal Navy, most of whose ships are out of date, will concentrate still more heavily on 1) frigates, 2) carriers, 3) submarines. Three *Tiger*-class cruisers now under construction will be the last gun-cruisers built for the Royal Navy; henceforth, Britain expects to arm all its heavier vessels with guided missiles. What

3 Cheers...for the Holidays

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The rare quality of the whiskey
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Teeming molten steel into giant ingots—working the bargain metal that's always working for you

In this Peter Helck painting, which shows liquid steel being teemed into ingot molds, the artist has illustrated both an end and a beginning. The end of steel-making. The beginning of steel-working. For when molten metal has been poured into ingots ("teeming" is the metal-workers' term for the pouring operation), the basic business of steel-making is ended. The ingot—first solid form of steel—must then be worked into the steel products used by industry . . . the tinplate, sheet steel, bars, strips, shapes and coils produced by National Steel. At Great Lakes Steel division, National's big steel plant near Detroit, we're now

teeming bigger ingots—twenty-ton giants. From bigger ingots we get bigger slabs, which can be rolled into wider sheets and longer coils. So for the auto makers, and others who use wide-sheet steel, we're now producing coils up to 77 inches wide—with unwelded sections several times longer than coils made previously. And with coils like that, production goes up and scrap loss goes down. For National Steel, the production of bigger ingots and wider and longer coils

is but another step in a continuing program to provide all of industry with more and better steel.

Completely integrated, entirely independent, this is National Steel—one of America's great steel producers.

New Color Film Now Available

"Achievement in Steel" . . . a new 16-mm color film telling the dramatic story of steel is now available to organized groups. To obtain this film for your group, write to "Achievement," National Steel Corporation, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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might happen to the Navy while the missiles are being developed has many an old sea salt worried. Russia already has 30 cruisers to Britain's 26, said 81-year-old Lord Chatfield last week. Chatfield, who was Admiral Beatty's flag captain in the Battle of Jutland, warned the House of Lords: "It's the same old game—wait for the scientists. But if you wait for the scientists, you wait forever and never build anything."

The British army will disband eight infantry battalions (extra ones created during the Korean crisis), largely because it is not getting enough recruits to man them. Tactics and weapons will be revamped, in the light of experience gained in atomic maneuvers in West Germany.

SPAIN

The Midget & the Elephants

On the wind-swept plateau of La Mancha, where Don Quixote once tilted with windmills, a man from the Spanish S.P.C.A. last week came upon a midget sitting beside his dog in an empty lot outside the town of Manzanares. The midget was guarding all that remained of a once-great German circus that got stranded at Manzanares almost 14 months ago.

The circus *Will Holzmüller* confidently invaded Spain in spring last year with 125 wagons, 70 performers and a splendid menagerie of elephants, lions, bears, dogs, horses, ponies and monkeys. But Spaniards are not great circus fans. By the time the circus reached Manzanares, business was so bad that 30 performers had quit, and all but 18 wagons had been sold to settle debts or buy food. In Manzanares, the manager himself ran out, to be followed soon afterward by the rest of the performers, who went home to Germany. Only Francis Grutzius, the 62-year-old midget, stayed on—to look after three elephants, two lions, seven bears, 14 dogs, a colony of monkeys, two porcupines and one eagle.

With his fox terrier Sweikof, Grutzius camped out in a circus wagon, sleeping on the floor (for all the furniture had been sold), scrounging food from local citizens who themselves were too poor to spare much. In the winter, the dwarf kept warm by getting drunk on harsh red wine, some of which he shared with Sweikof, and by burning dried grapevines in his stove.

One night the temperature dropped to 15°, and six monkeys died. Sympathetic townspeople took most of the remaining monkeys as household pets. In February, a ravenous elephant ate the roof of his pen, and died of wood splinters in his stomach. The other two elephants died from eating the straw coverings of wine bottles, which was the only food the people could find in sufficient bulk for such huge appetites. Grutzius buried the elephants, and by selling their tusks for ivory got enough to buy food for man and beast for a few more weeks. But by winter's end the last of the lions had eaten the carcass of the last of the horses, and the performing dogs had turned cannibal.



Museum of Fine Arts, Boston
SIVA
On a binge.

Summer in La Mancha is as fiercely hot as winter is bitter cold. In July, when the temperature rose to 104°, two bears died. Grutzius buried the bears beside the elephants. Eventually Madrid's Society for the Protection of Animals (a not very aggressive outfit in the land of bullfighting) belatedly arrived on the scene. All that was left of the once-proud circus *Holzmüller* was the midget, his dog, five emaciated bears, a scraggy monkey, three performing dogs and one eagle, all too weak to eat.

With cod-liver oil and vitamins, veterinarians revived the monkey, the dogs and the bears. The eagle perked up on grain and fruit. By week's end all the beasts were feeling better, and the Barcelona zoo promised them a home. The midget, weak and undernourished, was installed in a home in Ciudad Real. All that remained of the abandoned circus was Sweikof the fox terrier, who lay down before the wagon of his absent master, and mournfully refused to eat.



Paul Pfeiffer—Black Star
GRUTZIUS WITH SWEIKOF
On guard.

INDIA

Suttee Boom

Siva, the many-natured and versatile god of destruction, is doing a land-office business in Jodhpur these days. Ever since the Hindu widow Sugan Kunwar Singh flung herself sacrificially—and illegally—into the flames of her husband's funeral pyre last October (TIME, Nov. 1), Jodhpur has been on a religious binge. Self-styled holy men from miles around have swarmed into town to cash in on the popular fervor. Hawkers in the city's crowded bazaar are peddling ballads and poems extolling the virtues of suttee, the accepted name for the widow's sacrifice. In Jodhpur's homes, emotional wives worship before cheap lithographs showing a noble Sugan Kunwar, cradling the head of her dead husband in her lap as flames consume them both.

Jodhpur's cops, under the agitated command of Police Superintendent Subhagmal Surana, have been on constant guard at the city's cremation grounds to prevent further acts of suttee. The priest who had charge of the original Singh funeral is in jail awaiting trial for making a pyre built for two. But every day and night, crowds of worshippers throng the death site with offerings that range from coconuts to gold plate, and from all sides the halt, the near hopeless and the blind hobble into the city, seeking miracles and willing to pay the holy men generously for bringing them about.

Last week, as Superintendent Surana was discussing his many problems with Rajasthan's chief provincial minister, a cop interrupted their talk to whisper an urgent message in his ear. Hastily excusing himself, Surana raced with his cops to the nearby village of Lahardi, arriving just in time to halt another and even grislier religious ritual. Instead of attending a government-sponsored rally in honor of the dignity of manual labor, as they were supposed to, the peasants of Lahardi had flocked en masse to a hillock to watch a holy man being buried alive.

"Disturb us and you will be turned to ashes!" cried the officiating sadhu, a holy man, as Surana's men forced their way through the ring of rubbernecks. The cops attacked a pile of cement slabs with pickaxes and dragged a young Hindu out of a freshly dug grave. A 25-year-old laborer who had become the sadhus' "disciple" only two months before, he was barely alive. But dead or alive, his act of faith would have made the hill a profitable shrine for his masters who would later pass the hat to pilgrims coming there to seek divine grace. After rescuing the victim, the police raced on to a nearby temple to round up some of the other sadhus who had joined in the ceremony. As the cops arrived, the holy men were busy conducting a service in honor of their profitable goddess.

"The time has come," sighed weary Superintendent Surana, "to launch a forceful campaign against superstition."

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

MCCARTHY v. EISENHOWER: VIEWS OF FIVE PAPERS

Long Island's Newsday:

IT would be impossible for a sane man to attack President Eisenhower for being soft to Communism. The inescapable conclusion must be that Senator Joseph R. McCarthy is deranged—the end of the trail for a mind that could once have been considered shrewd and alert. We are, of course, shocked that such an intemperate attack could be made by a member of the United States Senate. But it does not greatly surprise us that McCarthy made the attack. His case history shows a steady deterioration of reason.

In the pro-McCarthy Hearst Chain:

SEN. McCARTHY has done nothing to close the breach within the Republican Party by accusing President Eisenhower of being soft toward Communism. Moreover, his surprising blast at the President has given aid and comfort to his enemies and distressed many of his friends. If we think Sen. McCarthy was off-base in asserting that the Eisenhower Administration has failed to move against the Communists at home while placating them abroad, we likewise believe there were some grounds for his intemperate attitude toward the President. It is perhaps too late to heal the breach between the White House and the man who has contributed so mightily to the nation's awareness of the Communist danger. We can only deplore the latest example of political incapacity shown by the Republican leadership.

The Buffalo Courier-Express:

MCCARTHY, club in hand, facing Eisenhower, is less dangerous than McCarthy, knife in hand, at Eisenhower's back. Neither the President nor, we believe, a majority of the American people, can forgive or forget McCarthy's outrageous charge that General Eisenhower "urges patience, tolerance and niceties to those who are torturing American uniformed men." If you want to realize the full contemptibility of McCarthy's misrepresentation of the President, just compare the World War II records of the two men.

The pro-McCarthy New York Daily News:

PRESIDENT Eisenhower and Sen. McCarthy are now even, we think, in an unfortunate conflict. The President has pulled the prize boomer of going out of his way to congratulate Sen. Arthur V. Watkins for the hatchet job Watkins' committee did on McCarthy. Sen. Mc-

Carthy in turn has pulled the boomer of questioning, by inference, the President's enmity to Communism. Now that these two eminent fighting cocks have given each other their lumps in public, how about a reconciliation, followed by a joint and sustained effort to unify their party? Neither Eisenhower nor McCarthy may believe this in the heat of the present moment, but we think they both owe at least that much to the G.O.P. and to their country.

The Los Angeles Times:

WE have consistently supported McCarthy when he worked at routing Communists and their sympathizers from the bureaus which were reluctant to fire them. But like many superior specialists, McCarthy has been guilty of the sin of pride. In his deliberate challenge to President Eisenhower, McCarthy made a false political assumption. Unquestionably he is convinced that he can take over the leadership of a conservative faction and perhaps make headway with a third party. But McCarthy has shown no talent whatever for party leadership.

BIPARTISAN POLICY REQUIRES G.O.P. CHANGES

Arkansas' Democratic Senator J. W. Fulbright, in the biweekly Reporter:

THE President wishes to develop a bipartisan foreign policy in the Eighty-Fourth Congress. Without being unduly partisan, I feel that this desire for bipartisanship, although welcome, is a bit sudden. It is not easy, nor would it be wise, for Democrats to forget the appalling degree of venom shown by the Republicans during the campaign. Bipartisanship in foreign policy requires the exercise of restraint in a field where demagogery is inviting and comes easy. It is an ancient practice and a large temptation to exploit people's local prejudices for political advantage by associating their prejudices against foreigners with one's political opponents. What are the conditions that must be met by the administration?

First of all, it must seek to maintain a clear and consistent foreign policy worthy of our support. After the election in 1952, the new Administration felt called upon to develop a "new" and "bold" and "dynamic" foreign policy. For a time, we heard much about "liberation of the enslaved peoples" and "massive retaliation at times and places of our own choosing." Containment, it would appear from the way the President is talking now, is not such a bad policy. The more difficult area for agreement will be in pushing through measures to prevent the subversion of free

peoples by means other than force. Here the President must be prepared to back noble words with deeds and dollars. Just as important as the prevention of subversion abroad, there must be a cessation of the subversion at home that masquerades under the name of security. The Republican Administration must put aside the numbers racket in security dismissals and all the other devices by which it could create an impression that loyalty is the prerogative of one party. As part of this, there must be a cessation of the unrelenting warfare being conducted against our foreign service. Bipartisanship is not a goal in itself. Foreign policy will not receive the support of Democrats unless they believe it worthy of their support and likely to succeed.

BRITAIN'S LABORITE DAILY NOW LIKES IKE, TOO

The Laborite London DAILY MIRROR, world's largest daily newspaper (circ. 4,535,687):

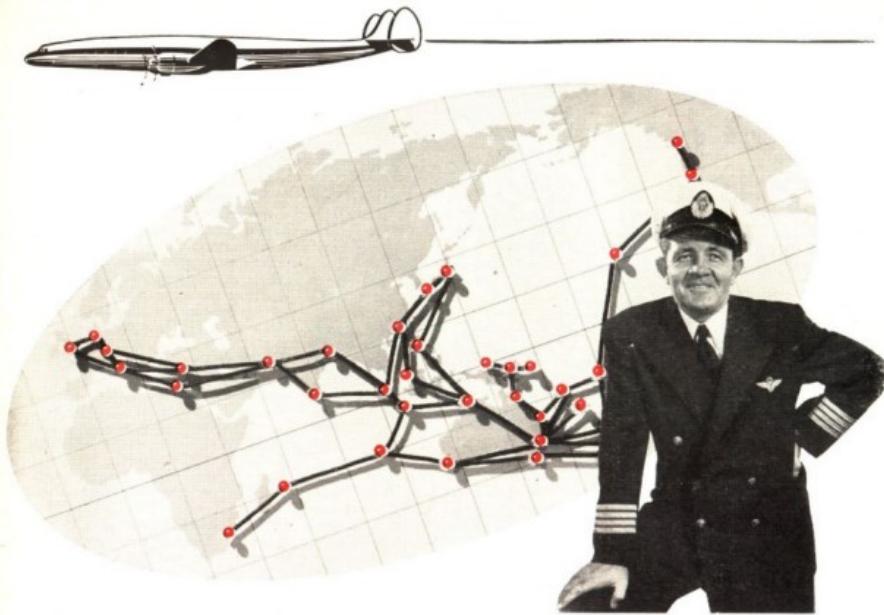
AN important change has taken place in the attitude of America to world affairs. Recent statements by President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles have spotlighted several vital issues. Many Americans have urged an aggressive policy towards Communist China. When China recently imprisoned thirteen Americans there were renewed calls that America should "go it alone"—to the extent of blockading China. But President Eisenhower has squashed these suggestions. He has made it plain that he will not consider steps that might lead to war and divide America from her allies. All America's efforts are now to be exerted to achieve peaceful co-existence with Russia and the Communist Powers. President Eisenhower calls for patience in the face of Communist provocation. He rejects suggestions that America should break off diplomatic relations with Russia and calls instead for more talks with the Russians to try to reach understanding.

This change of emphasis in the American outlook is welcomed in this country because it fits in with the views of the British people.

IKE SHOULD RUN IN 1956 ELECTION

Colonel Robert R. McCormick's Administration-hating Chicago TRIBUNE:

President Eisenhower should be nominated for President in 1956—by the Democrats. If he is so nominated, he will get most of the Democratic votes, all of the Demi-Rep votes and if Sen. Watkins is their leader, all of the Mormon votes unless Jimmie Roosevelt runs. The Americans will have to look elsewhere for their candidate.



Way out West to London...

Australians have been flying across the Pacific longer than anybody else. Kingsford-Smith did it first, in 1928, and Qantas* Super Constellations (the only trans-Pacific Super Constellations) still do it. And you can do it and a good deal more if you're of a mind.

Qantas, Australia's overseas airline, extends across the world from San Francisco to the South Seas, the Orient, the Middle East; to South Africa; to Rome and London. It's one of the oldest (1920) and longest airlines in the world: 68,000 exceptionally comfortable miles serving 26 countries on 5 continents.

Now about Captain John Connolly up there.

Like all Qantas pilots, he is a good head and an experienced one. He has flown 3,000,000 miles. His Super Constellation crew of ten includes three cabin staffers, which makes for service to match the cuisine, champagne, sleeper chairs, etc., all splendid.

This adds up to a very good thing, and we are sure you'd enjoy flying Super Constellations with us. For further details ask your travel agent or call at Qantas offices in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver; BOAC offices in New York, Chicago, Washington, D. C., Boston, Detroit, Dallas, Miami, Montreal, Toronto.

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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Freed Prisoner

Canada's only air force prisoner of the Korean war flew home to freedom last week. As the airliner from Tokyo touched down at the Vancouver airport, a handsome honey blonde broke from the crowd and ran to her husband, Squadron Leader



George Diack—The Vancouver Sun

SQUADRON LEADER & MRS. MACKENZIE
More where he came from.

Andrew MacKenzie, freed after two years as a war prisoner in Communist China.

The 34-year-old Montreal fighter-pilot was serving as an exchange officer with the U.S. Air Forces in Korea when he was shot down in 1952. At the Geneva Conference last June, Canada made a direct appeal to Chinese Foreign Minister Chou En-lai for MacKenzie's release, but the Chinese did nothing about it until the eleven U.S. flyers were recently sentenced to prison in China for espionage (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). Then, the same day that the Americans were condemned, Peking suddenly announced that MacKenzie would be released. Three Red Chinese soldiers escorted the Canadian to the barriecaded China-Hong Kong border where an R.C.A.F. officer waited to meet him.

MacKenzie was advised not to talk about his prison experiences until after questioning by intelligence officers, but he did reveal one important fact: there were U.S. airmen imprisoned with him, none of them among those tried and sentenced for espionage. Obviously, China is holding more U.S. prisoners than the Reds have yet admitted.

ARGENTINA

"If I Were Dictator"

The Argentine government's running war of harassment against the Roman Catholic Church goes on, fueled by President Juan Perón's deep distaste for anything faintly resembling opposition. Last week the Interior Ministry banned a scheduled outdoor Mass and procession marking the end of the Marian Year. While a substitute indoor Mass was being celebrated at Buenos Aires' buff-colored cathedral, Perón and his top officials ostentatiously gathered at the airport to welcome Argentine Boxer Pascual Pérez home from Japan, where he had won the flyweight (112-lb.) championship of the world. That same day, the Perón General Confederation of Labor (C.G.T.) ordered the "lay enthronement" of the late Eva Perón; pictures of Evita are to be posted at all union headquarters so that "workers may venerate [her] memory."

The turnout at the cathedral—an amazing overflow crowd of more than 50,000—obviously distressed Perón & Co. Rumbled Perón in a speech to the C.G.T. later in the week: "[Those who] are permanently opposed to our efforts and achievements are sometimes clothed as oligarchs, sometimes as priests, but they are always the same. The time has come to take the pruning shears and cut them off . . . If I were dictator I would do the job myself. [Instead] when the people have had enough they will take the necessary measures, and in that event, I will be at the head of the people."

reading through 6,000 congratulatory cables and telegrams.

Battle is Uruguay's most honored name. José Battle y Ordóñez, as President in 1907, astounded Uruguay, and set the democratic pattern that has prevailed ever since, by peacefully turning over office to his elected successor. The great man favored his nephew Luis over his own sons, and passed along to Luis the political know-how that made him a Congressman at 25. In 1946, before Uruguay's 1951 adoption of a council as its executive, he was elected Vice President, gaining the top office (and the nickname "Trumanito") when the President died a year later. Now, at 58, he will be Council President in his own right.

Special Blend. True to his background, Luis Battle Berres carries on the special blend of liberal politics distilled by Uncle José. "Battlismo" is a pragmatic mixture of the welfare state and anti-clericalism, seasoned with dignified friendship for the U.S. Under Battlismo, Uruguay disestablished religion so thoroughly that Christmas is now officially called "Family Day." The state runs banking, meatpacking, and fishing, sells insurance, operates the telephones, and provides free medical care and education (for qualified students) through university.

Battle Berres' opponents, especially the wool and cattle barons of the interior, howl that this is Red socialism. But since under Battlismo Uruguay has Latin America's highest standard of living and no income tax, Uruguayans invariably vote for it. As for Communism, Battle Berres opposes it with a technique that Uruguayans call "killing it with liberty." The Red vote dropped from 32,000 in 1946 to 17,000 in this month's election.

URUGUAY

Mister President

"Your Excellency," the usual form of address for Latin American Presidents, is banned by law in democratic Uruguay; "Mr. President" is thought to be title enough. Luis Battle (pronounced *Bat-tlay*) Berres, the next President of Uruguay's Swiss-style National Council and therefore the country's top man, is definitely the mister type. During an earlier presidential term, explaining that "it's ridiculous for me to have guards," he modestly removed policemen from duty at his little farm just outside Montevideo. The disconcerting result was not an assassination attempt but the theft of 50 chickens.

Familiar Routine. Becoming President-elect of his Nebraska-size country (pop. 2,350,000) in last fortnight's election (TIME, Dec. 13) worked little change on Battle Berres. He rose as usual at 6 o'clock, after six hours' sleep. At his newspaper *Acción*, he dummed up the editorial page, writing some of it himself. Rakishly jamming on his hat, he went to lunch at a modest restaurant, where the waiters gathered to congratulate him; he stood up to shake hands with them all. In the afternoon he began



Robert Neville

PRESIDENT-ELECT BATTLE BERRES
A special blend.

BRAZIL

The Climate of Reform

To the gate of a Rio hospital one morning last week, a young woman brought a pain-racked old man holding a blood-stained towel to his face. "For the love of God, open up!" she cried. "My father needs a doctor!" The gate stayed shut.

The old man was one of thousands of Brazilians who found government hospitals and free-care clinics in Rio closed to them last week. Some 600 government doctors were on strike. The doctors' complaint: Brazil's President João Café Filho, determined to hold down government spending and stop runaway inflation, had vetoed a bill that would have upped minimum salaries of all government employees holding university degrees (TIME, Nov. 29).

With the outraged public on the government's side, Café Filho declared the doctors' strike illegal, banned picketing, sent military doctors to work in civilian hospitals, fired the 210 department heads among the strikers. Eight hospital-picketing doctors, including the president of the Brazilian Medical Association, were jailed. In a radio speech, Café Filho called upon the strikers to "put an end to this sad spectacle before the world."

When the sad spectacle lasted into the fourth day, Café Filho tried a small-carrot-and-big-stick approach. He summoned the strike leaders to Catecê Palace, told them that 1) if the doctors would do their moral duty and go back to work promptly, he would try to find a way to ease their salary pinch, and 2) if they did not go back promptly, he would begin drafting them into the army. (Most young or middle-aged Brazilian doctors are rated as military reservists.) That worked. At their strike headquarters in the dance hall of Rio's High Life carnival club, the doctors voted to end the strike. But the government stuck to its decision to fire the 210. Explained Labor Minister Alencastro Guimarães: "Department heads with years of professional experience should have known better."

Two days after the strike's end, a special session of Congress met to consider Café Filho's veto. In wage-conscious Rio, not one Congressman was bold enough to speak in the President's defense, but when the debate ended, the vote in favor of the wage-raise bill (124-120) fell far short of the needed two-thirds majority, and the President's veto stood.

HONDURAS

Reluctant Strongman

"My government will act like a magnificent sun which illuminates everything and burns no one," promised Julio Lozano, who last week—reluctantly—became the strongman of Honduras. Such rounded oratorical periods came as a surprise from Lozano, a one-time bookkeeper; only a month before, at what seemed the peak of an undramatic 25-year career in politics, he had been simply his country's able Vice President, serving out the last weeks of his term. Then ailing President Juan



Henry D. Gilber

PRESIDENT LOZANO
More light, less heat.

Manuel Gálvez' abrupt departure for the Panama Canal Zone "for medical treatment" thrust Lozano into the presidency, just in time to meet a major political crisis out of which he emerged as boss,

In a three-way presidential election in October, Candidate Ramón ("Little Bird") Villeda Morales had won, but he fell short of an absolute majority (TIME, Oct. 25). Under the constitution, that threw the decision to Congress. But when Congress convened, only Villeda Morales' supporters took their seats; his opponents, by heading off the needed quorum of two-thirds, prevented congressional ratification of his election. This left Lozano no choice under the law but to assume the technical powers of a dictator.

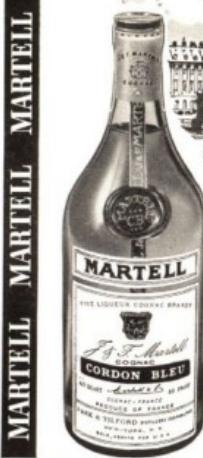
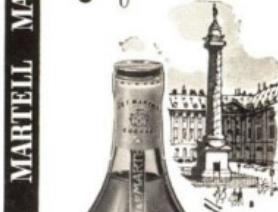
Villeda Morales, freed from the time-honored obligation of leading what would have been Honduras' 135th revolution, said in relief: "The presidency is not worth the life of a single Honduran." President Lozano converted Congress into a Council of State to draft a new constitution under which another, and more decisive election could be attempted—but probably not before 1956.

GUATEMALA

Come & Get It

When President Carlos Castillo Armas booted out Guatemala's Communist-line government last June, one of the many burdens he inherited was a set of leftist petroleum laws admirably designed to keep the country's oil in the ground by frightening investors and prospectors away. Last week, in a temporary decree, Castillo Armas opened the entire national territory to surface or air exploration by reputable Guatemalan or foreign oilmen. Details of concessions for future development were left for a permanent oil law, now being prepared with the help of Venezuelan technicians.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

To the delight of nocturnal listeners from coast to coast, NBC-TV's glad-libber **Steve Allen**, 32, met his match and more when septuagenarian Poet-Biographer **Carl Sandburg** dropped in for a scheduled 15-minute interview on Allen's midnight show. Looking as mild and mischievous as Grandma Moses in a barroom, the weathered old buckeye had casually ignored the time limit on his stint, brushed aside his M.C.'s good-nights and thank-yous, stayed on happily ad-libbing, reading, reciting and singing for the full hour that remained of the show. Asked by the harassed Allen if he would mind the interruption of a popular tune by Pianist Marian McPartland, the old man conceded gracefully—but with a qualification: "Just so she doesn't sing *Teach Me Tonight*."

Britain's lanky **Dr. Roger Bannister**, first man ever to run a mile in less than four minutes (3 min. 59.4 sec., at Oxford—TIME, May 17), hung up his spiked shoes and retired from international competition so that he can do two years of steady medical work in a London hospital.

In Hollywood, tearful Crooner **Johnnie Ray** went under a surgeon's knife for treatment of an abscess in his right foot. Cause of the infection: in an accident possible only in the 20th century, Ray strolled beside a Las Vegas swimming pool last July and speared himself, olive-like, on a dropped Martini toothpick.

The honey-blondie hair and emerald eyes of **Marilyn Smuin**, 19, a sophomore at Pasadena City College, plus her well-



Associated Press

NOBELMEN WELLER, BORN, ROBBINS, ENDERS & PAULING
A world in debt helped pay old bills.

rounded personality (bust and hips 35 in., waist 25 in.), won her the throne as **Queen of the Roses** (66th annual tournament), and all the New Year's Day hoopla—attending the big event, the Rose Bowl football game.

Near Mansfield, Ohio, a 265-acre farm, birthplace of 29th U.S. President **Warren G. Harding** and the spot where, until his sudden death in office in 1923, he hoped to retire, was to be sold this week by three nephews of Harding. The log cabin in which Harding was born is gone, but the farmer buying the place has promised to preserve the pine trees bracketing the spot where it stood.

In Stockholm, Sweden's **King Gustaf VI Adolf** handed out four Nobel Prizes (cash value: \$35,066 apiece) to five Americans and two Germans. The prize for physics went to German Professors **Max Born** and **Walter Bothe** (who was ailing in a West German hospital). To a three-man polio research team—Cleveland's Dr. **Frederick Robbins**, Harvard's Drs. **John F. Enders** and **Thomas H. Weller**—the King presented the award for medicine. The California Institute of Technology's Dr. **Linus Pauling** was on hand to get the prize for chemistry, heard himself praised for working on the "frontiers of science" in exploring the nature of chemical bonds. Asked later how his Nobel money would be spent, Chemist Pauling quipped: "Most scientists have plenty of old bills to pay."

Only one American, winner of the prize for literature, did not show up: Author **Ernest Hemingway** (TIME, Dec. 13) remained in Cuba, nursing the aches and breaks he got early this year in two African plane crashes. But Papa had sent a stirring message, which was read for him by the U.S. Ambassador to Sweden. After apologizing for "having no facility for speech-making and no command of oratory nor any domination of rhetoric,"

Hemingway expressed his gratitude with an eloquent sample of his prose: "Writing, at its best, is a lonely life . . . [A writer] does his work alone and if he is a good enough writer he must face eternity, or the lack of it, each day . . . How simple the writing of literature would be if it were only necessary to write in another way what has been well written. It is because we have had such great writers in the past that a writer is driven far out past where he can go, out to where no one can help him. I have spoken too long for a writer. A writer should write what he has to say and not speak it. Again, I thank you."

Sued for \$1,051,400 by three people injured when their \$12,250 Mercedes-Benz collided with their car last year, Cinematographer **Bing (The Country Girl)** **Crosby** got set for the trial in a Los Angeles court, then abruptly decided not to make a fight of it. Though still denying the other side's charge that he was tipsy and driving recklessly when the predawn smashup happened. Defendant Crosby instructed his lawyers to settle the case out of court. They did—for \$100,000.

At the University of Texas, **Robert Maynard Hutchins**, onetime chancellor of the University of Chicago who wants to be the next Democratic Senator from California, warmed up for a lecture by sounding off on the dismal educational outlook. To Hutchins, U.S. colleges are no more than "high-class flophouses where parents send their children to keep them off the labor market and out of their own hair." Further: "Our children become nuisances at the age of six. They can't be put to work until they are 20 or 22 years old with any success. They can't be put in the penitentiary, as a rule, because they haven't committed any crime. And the Civilian Conservation Corps [the now legendary CCC of youthful shovel-learners] has been abandoned."



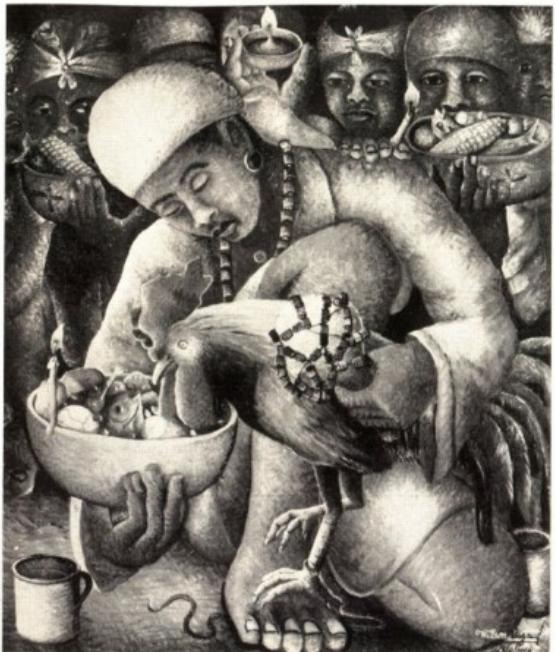
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ART



WILSON BIGAUD'S "MAMBO"
Flowering sophistication, voodoo roots.

Haiti's Best

When is art "primitive"? A gallerygoer might answer, "Half the time." Roughly half the contemporary shows in U.S. galleries seem to prove that the exhibiting artists had no formal training at all. Reason: moderns of many schools conceal all trace of academic tradition in their work, as if it were sissy. Last week Manhattan saw an exhibition of less fortunate primitives—men lacking art training and cut off

from the art of the ages. It beat the self-made, big-city primitives hollow.

The show, at Gallery "G," was somewhat grandiloquently billed as "Twenty Masterpieces of Haitian Painting." It included few, if any, masterpieces. Yet Haiti's primitives have come a long, long way in the eleven years since the founding of Port-au-Prince's *Centre d'Art*, which supplies untrained local artists with painting material and a tourist market (*Time*, June 7). The two most impressive painters

in the exhibition have in fact achieved a high degree of skill and sophistication while keeping their roots deep in Haiti's voodoo-impregnated soil.

Wilson Bigaud's *Mambo* (see cut) is a complex scene—showing the ceremonial feeding of a sacrificial cock—composed with brilliant simplicity. Only 22, and hungry for further knowledge of art, Bigaud leads the field in Haiti. He borrowed his not-at-all-primitive stipple technique ready-made from a book of Van Gogh reproductions that U.S. Critic Selten Rodman gave him last summer.

Haiti's Enguerrand Gourgue specializes in pictures of black magic, painted in a silk-smooth, sharply detailed manner. His *Marine Landscape* is a nightmare spread of swimming things with animal and human heads. In a highly authoritative book on Haiti out last week (*Haiti: the Black Republic*; Devin-Adair; \$5), Critic Rodman rightly says that Gourgue, like Bigaud, "can be called a primitive only in terms of his origins and lack of formal training. If, as he now tells clients, Gourgue was tormented by demons until he painted them, he has a good and very convincing memory."

Small But Enduring

Still-life painting is perhaps the mildest form of art. While expressionists leap from pique to pique, and abstractionists zero grimly in on private voids, the still-life artist tidily rules a table-top world of unmoving, everyday things. Chances are he paints in a sitting position, slowly and with quiet enjoyment, never spattering his cuffs. Like mushrooms, his work prospers in a cool, humble atmosphere and appeals chiefly to gourmets. Still lifes are bound to be overshadowed by the products of more ambitious painters. Yet they sell well. Table-top worlds make reassuring, easy-to-live-with pictures.

Last week Manhattan's Iolas Gallery was showing one of the nation's most successful young still-life artists: Richard de Menocal. Small watercolors, mainly of food and flowers, the pictures were both exact and relaxed. Menocal had arranged his objects casually against solid black or bright backgrounds and made them glow by means of many superimposed glazes. His art celebrates small but enduring things: the coolness of sliced cucumber,



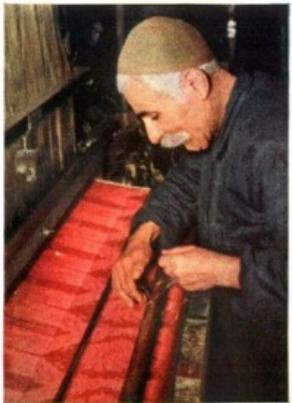
RICHARD DE MENOCAL'S "THE LINEN HANDEKERCHIEF"
Quiet enjoyment, unspattered cuffs.

DAMASCUS BROCADES

THE silk merchants of Damascus braced for their rush season. Christmastime pilgrims to the Holy Land thronged the ancient city's narrow streets in mounting numbers, determinedly shopping for brocades. With examples like those pictured selling for \$7 to \$10 a yard, business was brisk.

Although the weaving of brocades is an ancient art in ancient Damascus, the present-day industry actually dates back only 30 years. A U.S. authority on Persian art, Arthur Upham Pope, first suggested to a Damascus firm that old Persian designs would make attractive modern textiles, and the entire business grew from his suggestion. Today's designs are borrowed from Ancient Greece and Rome as well as from Persia, and the top adapters are Swiss and Armenian. The gold and silver thread used in the cloth comes primarily from Europe, and the silk is woven on European looms. From this complex synthesis of alien talents and materials, some five large Damascus factories and 30 lesser ones now produce brocades famed around the world.

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GEORGE RODGER—MAGNUM



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the blue dusk shade of cornflowers, the pungency of spilled paprika, the gleam of a lily or a linen handkerchief. On opening day more than half the pictures were sold at \$200 to \$500.

Still-Lifer Menocal is a banker's son, born 35 years ago in Boston. He studied art at the Boston museum art school, served as a gunner's mate on the U.S.S. *Massachusetts* during World War II, came to Manhattan to work as an illustrator for Condé Nast publications. Today he lives by his still lifes, painting steadily in a Manhattan studio. His style is still evolving, he says, and "lies somewhere between the subjectivity of Jean Chardin and the objectivity of Cézanne."

International Laughter

Director Philip Adams of the Cincinnati Art Museum made a gleeful announcement last week. "For peanuts," he said, he had picked up in Florence, Italy a painting that turned out to be a genuine Botticelli,



Cincinnati Art Museum

Whose "Judith"?
Somewhere a red face.

which he values at \$80,000. The picture was a smaller (11½ in. by 8½ in.) version of Botticelli's great *Judith*, which hangs in Florence's Uffizi Gallery. Adams guessed his painting to be one of the master's preparatory studies of the subject. Cleaning at Cincinnati had corrected some "bungling repairs," made Judith's head look less prettified.

Italy, of course, has the world's foremost Botticelli experts. When the big news was flashed to Florence, it drew a dry laugh from the city's superintendent of fine arts, Filippo Rossi. "The picture," said Rossi flatly, "is catalogued here as a copy by an unknown student."

Adams laughed right back: "Aha, methinks the poor man is hiding behind a red face. The gentleman doubtless is covering up for allowing an important painting to escape Italy."

Art experts are a cautious lot, slow to take sides in such controversies. So it may take years to determine whether Adams or Rossi really had the last laugh.

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THE PRESS

Trouble in New York

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When Stanley Walker, the inspiring city editor (1928-35) of the *Herald Tribune*, wrote this eulogy 20 years ago, New York City was indeed something of a newsmen's paradise. Journalism had become a profession, and New York was its university. A New York byline was a ticket to fame, a New York salary the way to fortune.

But in the years since then, there has been trouble. New York papers, like most others, have been hard hit by spiraling costs (*TIME*, June 21) and by competition from TV; readers have moved out of the city, and even though they still commute to work in Manhattan, many have fallen into the bad habit of reading suburban papers. As a result, New York dailies have dropped 9% from the 1947 total circulation peak, although national newspaper circulation is at an alltime high of 34.5 million.

They have dropped more than that in profits. Last week only four of the seven* Manhattan dailies were making money. Operating in the red were the liberal Republican *Herald Tribune*; the hard-hitting Republican *World-Telegram* and *Sun*, flagship of the 19-paper Scripps-Howard

* Excluding such specialized dailies as the *Wall Street Journal* (circ. 135,555), the *Journal of Commerce* (31,831), the Communist *Daily Worker* (9,129) and papers whose readers are centered in only one of New York's five boroughs, such as the *Brooklyn Eagle* (130,565) and the Queens *Long Island Press* (213,468).



POST'S SCHIFF & WECHSLER
An end to flirtation.

chain; and the banner-lining *Journal-American*, home paper of William R. Hearst Jr.'s 16-paper chain. The august *Times*, the sassy *News*, the Fair-Dealing *Post* have been making money, and so, reportedly, has Hearst's tabloid *Mirror*. But all their profit margins are down.

Drop in Prestige. The drop in profits has been more than matched in most instances by a drop in prestige. To newsmen around the U.S., New York is no longer the road to glory. Said Hodding Carter, author and editor of the Greenville (Miss.) *Delta Democrat-Times*: "Young newspapermen would rather go to Washington or other cities. One big reason is that the provincial papers are paying better and putting out a much better product than they used to."

Manhattan publishers worried little



Walter Lippmann

TIMES'S CATTLEDGE
A period to obfuscation.

about any possible loss in prestige. But they were deeply concerned about the continuing slide in profits. Said *Daily News* President F. M. Flynn, boss of the nation's biggest (circ. 2,039,700) and one of the richest U.S. papers: "Anyone who isn't concerned is living in a dream world."

The big question was: How could the papers lick their problems? All were trying in a different way. And in the process they were causing a great change in the way the New York press covers and reports the news.

The *Herald Tribune*, whose format was once the buttoned-up coat of Republican respectability, has changed it for something like a blazer, as part of its program for a lighter, brighter paper. In addition, the *Trib* has stopped trying to match the *Times* in comprehensive news coverage. *Trib* Publisher Helen Rogers Reid and her two sons, Editor Whitelaw ("Whitey"), 41, and Vice President Ogden ("Brown-



Walter Doran

TIMBRE'S HELEN & WHITELAW REID
A diet for indigestion.

ie"), 29, are banking on selection rather than mass ("More news in less time") and the drawing power of probably the best collection of columnists of any U.S. paper (Walter Lippmann, Joe and Stewart Alsop, Roscoe Drummond and David Lawrence for brains; Red Smith, John Crosby and Art Buchwald for fun).

Stories that once would have been buried among the want ads (e.g., Marilyn Monroe's divorce and the Sheppard trial) are now played with headlines and pictures on Page One. While trying to woo away readers who find the *Times*' heavy news diet indigestible, the *Trib* is also trying to skim off the upper readers of the tabloid *News* and *Mirror*. Three months ago, for the first time in its history, the *Trib* launched a prize contest, a \$25,000 competition called Tangle Towns. It picked up 72,000 readers, jacking up the *Trib*'s circulation to more than 400,000, an alltime high.

Mrs. Reid, who has scrappily run the paper since her husband died in 1947, last week was "very optimistic." In 1946 the paper's profit reached a peak of \$1,000,000 after taxes, on a total income of \$20 million. Rising costs cut profits to \$347,000 by 1949. In 1951 and 1952, said Mrs. Reid, the paper was "slightly on the edge of the red." Last year the *Trib* counted on a \$200,000 profit, but the eleven-day newspaper strike cost it more than \$500,000, tumbling the paper into its biggest postwar deficit. This year, on an estimated income of more than \$26 million, the *Trib* will probably be only slightly in the red.

The *Times*, as hard to move, in its lordly way, as a glacier, was nevertheless showing signs of change. Managing Editor Turner Catledge has ordered sprightlier heads (sample: JAZZ PIANIST DIGS THE SONATA FORM) and shorter and sharper writing. Said one Catledge memo: "The composing room has an unlimited supply of periods available to terminate short,



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simple sentences." Where the *Times* had once wanted only "objectivity" (*i.e.*, facts) in reporting, now objectivity means facts plus interpretation.

Since the paper's owners view the *Times* "first as a responsibility and second as a business," the declining profits of the *Times* are not the major reason for the changes. But the profit margin of the paper, one of the wealthiest in the U.S., has

as before. To pull out of the slump, the paper set out to rediscover the fun and excitement that Captain Patterson had once found in the city. The *News* has stepped up the play of city news stories, including a notable series of articles on the troubles of New York's schools (TIME, March 15). Like every other Manhattan daily, it is also trying to follow its readers in their flight to the suburbs, has added six new suburban sections (Westchester County, Nassau, Hudson, etc.) and started do-it-yourself features to appeal to new homeowners. But the journalistic move to the suburbs is not easy. Distribution costs are high, and competition is tough from suburban papers that cover their area with a "home-town" thoroughness no New York paper can match, *e.g.*, Long Island's tabloid *Newsday* (TIME, Sept. 13). Not long ago, Captain Joe's versatile daughter Alicia Patterson, boss of *Newsday*, told a New York publisher: "If you come out here, we'll knock hell out of you."

The *Journal-American*, the first daily started by William Randolph Hearst himself and now the home paper of W. R. Hearst Jr., is the biggest afternoon paper (circ. 660,700). But its circulation is 8% off its peak, and its ad lineage last year was down 17%. The *Journal's* screaming red headlines and crusading zeal once appealed to New York's immigrant population, but this formula no longer works so well. Though it has cut its staff to trim expenses and runs giveaway contests (Cashword Puzzles, Daily Double Racing Game, Lucky Safety Cards) to boost circulation, the *Journal* contributed to the Hearst chain's loss of \$1,266,500 in the first nine months of 1934, the biggest deficit in the chain's history.

The *Journal's* morning tabloid sister, the *Mirror*, was started in 1924 with the slogan: "90% entertainment, 10% news"; it still lives up to this. The biggest attraction is Columnist Walter Winchell, plus Fred Pearson and popular comic strips (*L'il Abner*, *Joe Palooka*, *Steve Canyon*).

The *World-Telegram* and *Sun* has followed the trend toward less news, more entertainment. But the paper has lost the verve and excitement of the old *World* without even keeping the stodgy completeness of the *Sun*. The *Telly* (circ. 531,469) has been able to hold only one-third of the readers it took over when merged with the *Sun* in 1930. Its ads have declined, and its loss this year is estimated to be more than \$750,000.

The *Post* is the only daily really bucking the circulation trend. In the last five years it has boosted circulation 46%, to 416,622. When James A. Wechsler, 39, became editor in 1940, the paper was deep in the red financially, and its editorials often flirted with the Red politically (TIME, April 18, 1940). Wechsler changed course, and brought it into the black by leaving a heavy diet of Fair Deal politicking with such flamboyant series as "The V-Girls of 1934," "Unwed Mothers" and "Walter Winchell." At the same time, he wooed New York's big Jewish population with its pro-Zionism and coverage of minority problems. Post Publisher Dor-

othy Schiff, a devout Democrat, believes that politics is one major reason for the paper's new success. Says she: "We are the only 'liberal' [*i.e.*, pro-Democratic] daily in the city."

The New Flamboyance. Have the changes in New York produced better papers? "When you publish a paper in a town where the *Times* blankets the news," says Wechsler, "papers are bound to sell



Pictures, Inc.
WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST (1936)
The old formula faded.

dropped so fast that it is a cause for concern. Last year's strike, said *Times* Publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger, cut the paper's earnings to "virtually nothing." The fact that the *Times* can make money at all is something of a publishing miracle in the face of its overhead and its comparatively small circulation (539,435). Its editorial operating expenses are the highest of any paper in the world; its 4,698-employee staff (including 150 local reporters, 65 copy editors, 35 national and 50 foreign correspondents) alone has an annual payroll of \$25 million. While Publisher Sulzberger stoutly refuses to cut costs that might damage the paper, he is well aware that "it is to the good health of an organization to keep on making money."

The *News*, in the words of its late great founder, Captain Joe Patterson, "was built on legs." But it was more than legs that made it the biggest (peak circ. 2,402,346) and one of the most profitable papers in the U.S. Captain Patterson also had an unerring eye for the important, interesting news story to sandwich in between the tales of sensation, told them all in a crisp, flip way under such headlines as: 3,000 BOO BOO BROWDER AT YALE.

But since Patterson's death in 1946, readers have noticed the mixture was not



United Press
CAPTAIN JOE PATTERSON (1939)
The old mixture was lost.

flamboyance rather than quiet news coverage." But flamboyance is not necessarily zestful or exciting journalism. In New York it has often led to sameness (*e.g.*, the tabloid *News* and *Mirror* often have the same picture and headline blanketing Page One). The presence of the *Times*, 20% of whose coverage is national, has also caused many other papers to try to imitate its world view instead of concentrating on news of the city. Too often, the result is neither good world nor good local coverage.

As a result, New York has no "community" paper with which readers identify and turn to in trouble, anger or pleasure the way they do to such dailies as the successful Milwaukee *Journal* or Scrivens-Howard's moneymaking Cleveland *Press*. The city's dailies have given comparatively little continuing coverage to New York's trouble-ridden police department, traffic problems, housing conditions and soaring crime rate. Some of the papers are making tentative and erratic steps in that direction. But for the most part, in their frantic search for readers, New York's dailies have turned to black type, tricks and entertainment instead of the kind of journalism that once made New York the best newspaper town in the U.S.

RADIO & TELEVISION

The Tall Gambler

The most exciting television performance of 1954 may have taken place behind, rather than in front of, the TV cameras—in the office of NBC's president and thinker-in-chief Sylvester L. ("Pal") Weaver Jr. A lanky, ingratiating man of 45 who towers (6 ft. 4 in.) above his L-shaped desk, Weaver talks in a cascade of nonstop sentences that sometimes sound like high-flying doubletalk. Sample: "Speaking communications-wise, you believe that in order to have pride and the creative restlessness, your social responsibility as management is to see that every opportunity is used to expose people to things in which they have expressed no interest, but in which, you as an information optimist are committed to believe, they would have expressed interest if they had been exposed to them." Translated: TV can and should bring culture to the masses.

Weaver's big act for the year was the TV "spectacular," the costly, splashy televised conglomerations of high-priced talent. On these shows NBC has staked prestige and resources in the hope of changing the nation's viewing habits. The NBC spectacular that flashed on screens for 90 minutes last week brought song, dance, comedy, Sonja Henie on ice, and the incomparable Jimmy Durante ("Gimme some No-Cal champagne!"). It was the eighth and best of Weaver's big gambles. But it was not final proof that the spectacular, at \$200,000 or more apiece, is going to pay off for NBC with the public, with the critics and with those all-importants of radio-TV, the advertising men.

Magazine-Concept. Committed to still more spectaculars between now and June, Weaver last week was candid: "We're still

in the learning process. The advertisers are still on the sidelines watching and waiting. We think the whole pattern will create a psychology among program buyers to put the heat on us to expand. So far this is not true." But he was undismayed. In creating NBC's *Today* some two years ago, Weaver fooled the experts and persuaded as many as 10 million Americans to watch their TV sets at 7 a.m. That launched his so-called "magazine-concept"—i.e., a lot of advertisers buy spots instead of all of the show. "*Today* was almost laughed out of existence by the critics," says Weaver. "*Home* began slowly too. No one believed *Tonight* would be a network success." The magazine-concept of advertising is now commonplace in TV.

A Dartmouth Phi Beta Kappa whose brain seethes with slogans, ideas and erudite remembrances, Weaver was a zooming success in the advertising business. For one thing, he not only could get along with American Tobacco's late, volcanically eccentric George Washington Hill, but he could even argue with him.

It's a Deal. A rare combination of huckster hustle, athletic endurance and intellectual curiosity keeps Weaver thinking, talking and grinding out long memos on subjects far beyond NBC's practical problems of the moment. "We are talking long-term vitality," he explains as he spouts notions for vast, if often vague, future enterprises. The public will not accept culture in large doses. Weaver believes, but through his spectaculars and other major NBC shows, he thinks that small injections of ballet, music and other serious arts have been paving the way for larger and larger doses. "This is integration of great cultural entertainment that at this point the general public does not like. By integrating it into lighter forms, we think we've been able to create an audience for it . . . If Sol Hurok did an evening of unforgettable music, it would be the sort of thing we want . . . We could sit down right now and say, Okay Ernest Hemingway, it's a deal."

Weaver has already launched a "Wise Old Men" series to bring such elders as Bertrand Russell, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Bernhard Berenson onto TV screens, and he likes to talk of whole future programs devoted to cultural events. But Weaver's principal preoccupation is still the problem of turning his gamble into a success among viewers and advertisers.

In the cutthroat confines of what Weaver likes to call "the high executive level" of radio and TV, there is no certainty that such a gambler can count on being around long enough even to see the last throws of his own dice. But if that was worrying NBC's Weaver last week, he did not show it. He had brought the excitement of the year to the business, forced his competitor CBS into some spectaculars of its own (although that is never admitted), and jarred the advertising men out of their rut.



ACTOR GLEASON

Dirty politics with conviction.

Review of the Week

In spite of the approaching season of holiday cheer, television's week began like a vast coast-to-coast autopsy. *March of Medicine* performed a gory operation on a man's heart artery in front of the TV cameras. *Medic*, sounding less and less like a Dragnet-in-bandages and more and more like daytime soap opera, told a pathetic story about a young girl with breast cancer. Robert Montgomery presented a full hour of smilin' through muscular dystrophy and multiple sclerosis. But while he recuperated, the viewer was able to find cheerier fare.

Drama, Comedy. In his first straight dramatic role, TV Comic Jackie Gleason gave a taut and convincing portrait of an unscrupulous politician on *Studio One*, in a play by Carey Wilbur called *Short Cut*. Gleason not only looked the part, with his suety face and alderman's stomach, but for most of the play he put aside the comic's tools of obviousness and loudness in order to make his character dramatic and believable.

This week's other dramatic standout was one of those ventures that seemed calculated never to come off. But it did. To blunt the sophisticated Philip Barry dialogue for living-room consumption, and to pick as heroine an actress so typed for guppylike roles as Dorothy McGuire, suggested in advance that it might be a bad idea to revive the 15-year-old *Philadelphia Story* for TV. But on CBS's *Best of Broadway*, Actress McGuire made an excellent Tracy Lord, tawny and yare, as the script said she should be. To help her through the comic but caustic dilemma of casting off a new fiancé (Dick Foran) and remarrying the one and only (John Payne), she had an engaging cast.

Some of the week's most noteworthy events took place offstage and underwater. Colgate-Palmolive, sponsor of CBS's night-



NBC PRESIDENT WEAVER
Culture by injection.

Have a little Brandy handy for the holidays...

FOR GIFTS...

Hennessy Cognac brandy makes a distinctive gift that is really appreciated. Go to your store and see all of the imported Hennessy gift packages ranging from \$3.50 to \$20. Give your friends a gift of good taste they are sure to enjoy.

FOR ENTERTAINING...

Hennessy Cognac brandy will add to your reputation as a good host. For the perfect ending to a good dinner, serve it neat or as Flaming Cafe Hennessy. (Light a lump of sugar in a dessert spoon of Hennessy over hot coffee. When sugar melts, stir into coffee.) Serve Hennessy with soda or on-the-rocks through the evening.



★ ★ ★
HENNESSY

THE WORLD'S PREFERRED COGNAC BRANDY
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time version of *Strike It Rich*, the show that trots misery right onto the stage and peddles soap with it, announced it was dropping the show at year's end. This good news for good taste was tempered by the fact that the same sponsor apparently plans to continue the NBC daytime version of *Strike It Rich*.

Phones, Flippers. Arthur Godfrey, having gotten into trouble during 1954 with humility, the Civil Aeronautics Board and the breeders of Weimaraner dogs, added followers of Senator Joseph McCarthy to his list. On the heels of McCarthy's break with the President, Godfrey commented on his show that "Dwight D. Eisenhower is a great President." The CBS switchboard was busy for a while with irate calls from McCarthyites announcing that they were down on both Godfrey and his sponsors.

Walt Disney, in the seventh of his one-hour *Disneyland* shows on ABC, produced a motion picture of a motion picture being made undersea. Cameramen, who stood and floated behind the cameramen who filmed Disney's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* off Nassau and Jamaica, recorded an eye-catching documentary on the difficulties and hazards of making movies below the surface. At one point a huge, uninvited shark swam into the middle of a scene. Cameramen, directors and technicians, wearing light Aqua Lungs and flippers, could swim away, but actors weighted down by 225-lb. costumes could only gesticulate pathetically. The shark eventually got bored and swam away, but Disneymen manufactured a more dramatic finish to the shark's visit and spiced it into *20,000 Leagues*.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Dec. 15. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Disneyland (Wed., 7:30 p.m., ABC). *Davy Crockett, Indian Fighter*.

Boxing (Wed., 10 p.m., CBS). France's Pierre Langlois v. Middleweight Champion Carl ("Bobo") Olson, for the title.

President Eisenhower's Christmas Message (Fri., 5 p.m. and 5:15 p.m., CBS, NBC, ABC). The Christmas tree lighting on the White House grounds.

Babes in Toyland (Sat., 9 p.m., NBC). A Christmas "spectacular."

Hall of Fame (Sun., 5 p.m., NBC). Gian Carlo Menotti's Christmas opera, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat., 2 p.m., ABC). Massenet's *Manon*, with De Los Angeles, Valletti, Corena, Hines.

Invitation to Learning (Sun., 11:30 a.m., CBS). *Uncle Tom's Cabin* discussed by Alfred Kazin and Columbia History Professor Richard Hofstadter.

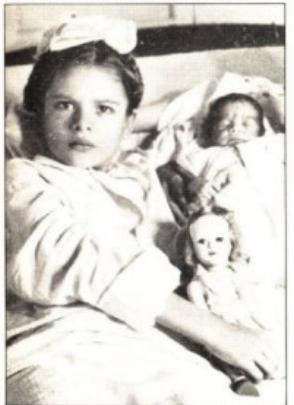
Salute to Ernest Hemingway (Sun., 7 p.m., NBC). Radio Critic Leon Pearson narrates; Friends and Admirers Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, and others discuss the Nobel Prizewinner.

MEDICINE

Capsules

¶ Progress is being made in the treatment of myasthenia gravis, a baffling disease incapacitating about 100,000 Americans, in which nerve impulses are interrupted before they get to the muscles, leaving the patient pitifully weak and fatigued. Manhattan's Dr. Kermit E. Osserman reported that experiments with a new drug, pyridostigmine, produced partial rehabilitation of nearly half of 45 "moderate and severe cases," proved "definitely less toxic" than other drugs (e.g., neostigmine).

¶ In Puerto Limón, Costa Rica, a 5-lb., 12-oz. son was born to a ten-year-old girl, Felicia Delgado Gomez, by Caesarean section. Although precocious, Felicia was not the youngest child-mother in the medical



TEN-YEAR-OLD & SON
Not the first.

records: 15 years ago a Peruvian girl, believed to be no older than five, bore a 6-lb. boy. Before she left the hospital halo and hearty at week's end, Felicia posed in bed with her baby and prizled doll.

¶ A plan to make color films of patients under psychoanalysis was broached by Dr. David Shakow of the National Institute of Mental Health. Purpose: to show the films to groups of other analysts, enabling them to study each other's cases without having to rely on the sometimes faulty memory of reporting analysts.

¶ Dr. Sidney Olansky, VD laboratory director for the U.S. Public Health Service, reported "the possibility that a vaccine might be developed to immunize against syphilis." Working with 60 volunteers from New York's Sing Sing prison, a research team was studying reinfection of people who had had syphilis. In some cases they found that injections of killed spirochetes produced a resistance to reinfection.

¶ A simple instrument for removing ingrown toenails has been developed by

Manhattan's Podiatrist Marvin D. Steinberg. The instrument, shaped like a safety-razor handle with a sharp bore at the tip, cuts out the offending portion of toenail in 30 seconds.

Rights for Epileptics

An epileptic living in Delaware is prohibited from driving a car, is branded a criminal if he tries to marry, and can be sterilized on the decision of community or state officials, none of whom need be doctors. His plight, duplicated to some extent in nearly half the 48 states,^o is caused partly by the fear that he will have a seizure endangering others (e.g., while driving), partly by the belief that epileptics are mental defectives and that their illness is hereditary. The truth is that, while it is rarely cured, the use of modern drugs and sometimes brain surgery, makes it possible to control epilepsy.

Last week, at a special conference in New York of the American League Against Epilepsy, the league's legislative committee demanded justice for the nation's 800,000 epileptics. Basing its findings on a two-year study by Dr. Roscoe L. Barrow, dean of the University of Cincinnati College of Law, the league noted:

¶ "Epilepsy is not inheritable, although a [recessive] tendency to seizures may be . . . It is unrelated to the intelligence level or to deterioration of the brain." ¶ "Medical progress [has made it possible to achieve] complete control of seizures in 50% of cases, and nearly complete control in an additional 30% of cases . . ."

¶ "The performance record of epileptics is equal to that of unimpaired workers; most epileptics are capable of full vocational rehabilitation."

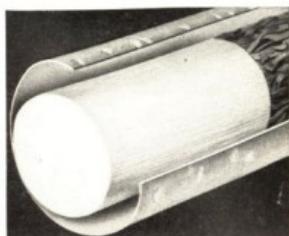
¶ "Fear of legal sanctions against . . . marriage increases tension, and the resulting maladjustment may add a formidable obstacle to successful treatment."

¶ "The stigma attached to epilepsy since pre-Biblical times . . . is a formidable obstacle to their social rehabilitation . . . Eugenic sterilization laws apply to idiots, epileptics or the insane, equating epileptics with the mentally ill."

The league flatly demanded that state sterilization and anti-marriage laws be revised to exempt epileptics, recommended that epileptics be allowed to drive after a two-year period free of seizures. The league also asked that states encourage employers to hire epileptics by passing laws exempting the employer from liability if an epileptic is injured as the result of a seizure. Employers' baseless fears that epileptics will be more accident-prone have left half the nation's epileptics unemployed, saddled the states with an unnecessary economic burden.

^o Nineteen states have sterilization laws specifically applicable to epileptics; 17 forbid them marriage (six states make marriage a crime); 16 refuse to let them drive.

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Yet VICEROYS draw so freely, and you get the full, rich taste of VICEROY'S choice tobaccos . . . all this for only a penny or two more than cigarettes without filters.



CINEMA

IN FAIR VERONA

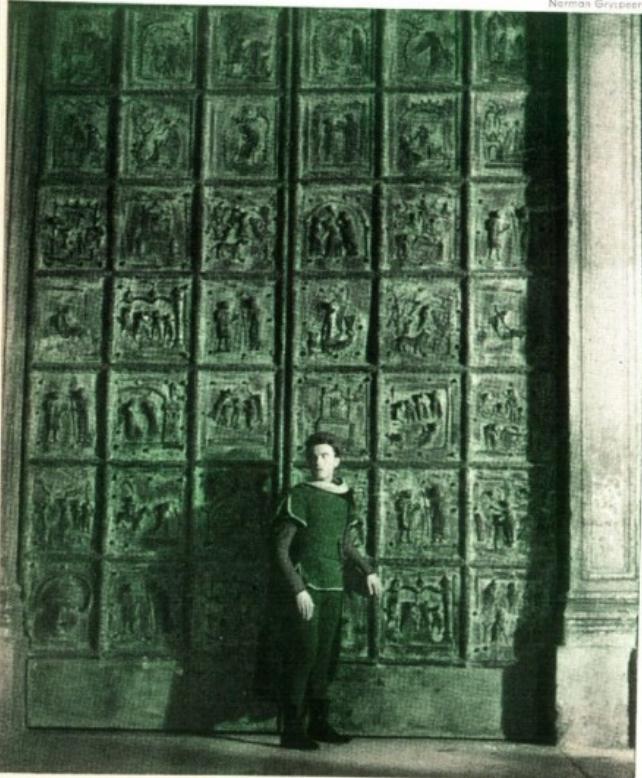
A KINGDOM for a stage!" cried Shakespeare, but he could only dream and meanwhile curse the "unworthy scaffold" he must needs make do with. The stage, when *Romeo and Juliet* was first presented, was little more than a gangway shunted shoulder-high through a roaring mob.⁹ Down these bare boards an actor strode, and with a wave of the arm required his hearers to believe they were "in fair Verona, where we lay our scene." In later

⁹ "In our assemblies at plays in London," wrote Stephen Gosson in 1576, "you shall see such heaving, and shoving, such itching and shouldering to sit by women . . . such masking in their ears . . . such giving them pipings to pass the time: such playing at foot-saint without cards: such tickling, such toying, such smiling, such winking, and such manning them home"—that a Puritan preacher, Thomas White, was moved to reason how "The cause of plagues is sin, if you look it to well; and the cause of sin are plays: therefore the cause of plagues are plays."

Norman Graville



RICH ROBES of Capulet (right) & Paris blend into setting which would defy the stage: a real 15th century Venice palace.



HAND-WROUGHT DOOR of Verona's old San Zeno church mutely conveys Fate's timeless mockery of frantic Romeo.

centuries, notably toward the end of the 19th, productions of Shakespeare became almost as richly furnished as they were badly played; but not until some 335 years after Shakespeare's death did a producer find the wit and the way to take the playwright at his word—actually to give him a kingdom for a stage.

One day in 1951 Renato Castellani, an Italian moviemaker (*Two Cents Worth of Hope*), had an idea: since Shakespeare had laid the story of his "star-crossed lovers" in Verona, why not actually photograph it there and, where necessary, in other Italian cities whose stones are better preserved? Why not set a Renaissance passion in a Renaissance scene? And why not let all this young love be made, for a change, by young lovers?

Britain's J. Arthur Rank put up part of the cash, Castellani put together his company, including Cameraman Robert Krasker—who in *Henry V* matched Shakespeare's morning language with an early wonder in his light and color—and the youngest Romeo (26-year-old Laurence Harvey) and Juliet (20-year-old Susan Shentall) of recent date. For seven months the cameras pored over the choice beauties of Venice, Verona, Siena, and several smaller cities of the golden age. What they recorded is a living image—the curious mingling of the radiant with the sinister, the earthy beauty like a kind of exquisite filth, the spirit itself almost like a shimmer of lust—of the High Renaissance.

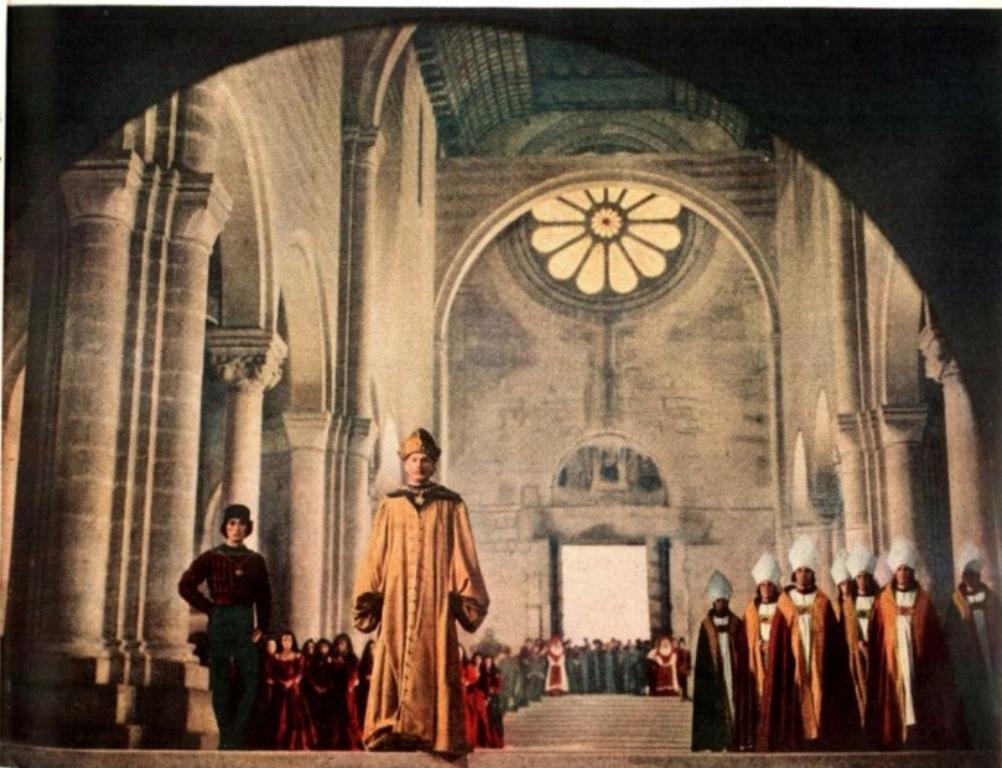
All through the film, as the moviegoer watches, there travels a troubling little ecstasy of recognition. The costumes, and even many of the scenic compositions, are copies from old masterpieces by Lippo Lippi, Pisanello, Carpaccio, Lorenzo. As the orchestra tunes up for the Capulets' ball, five little boys step up to sing, and suddenly are grouped, in lovely archaic rhythm, as a choir of cherubs in Raphael's style. Juliet, in the scene where she first sees Romeo, is dressed like Botticelli's Flora, and the lines of her head and neck might be a tracing from Veneziano's *Portrait of a Young Lady*.

The famous balcony scene was shot in a dreamlike little garden of the sumptuous Ca' d'Oro in Venice; the ballroom scene, all cresents gleaming on dark wood and in bright eyes, was done in an apartment of that palace. On the Venetian cloister of San Francesco del Deserto, where some of the monastery sequences were made, the



ARTFUL COLOR endows the indoor scenes with the look of Italian old masters; here maids dress Juliet for her first formal ball.

MAGNIFICENT PAGEANTRY, like this funeral scene in Verona church, brings Shakespeare new grandeur through the camera lens.



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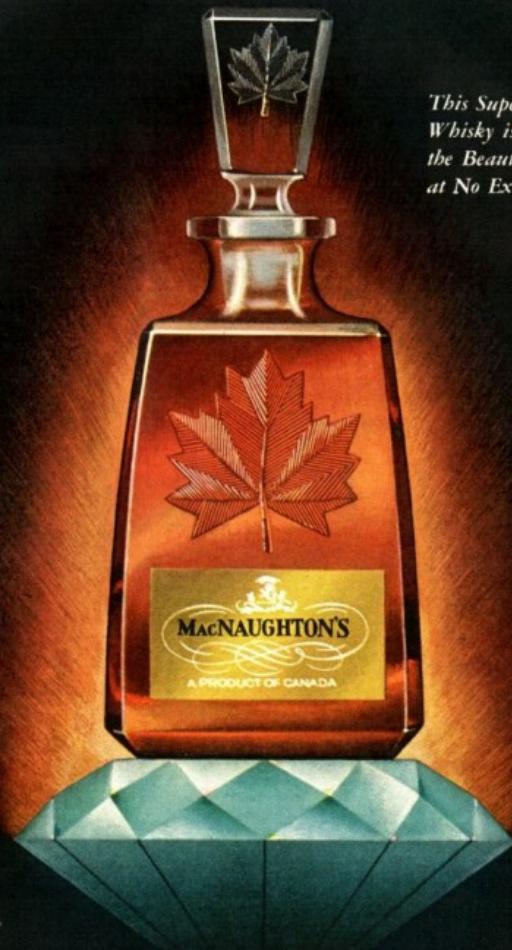
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Precious to Give Precious to Receive

MAC NAUGHTON'S CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, 86.8 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

light falls slow and bright as dust from a celestial censer. The swordplay between Romeo and Tybalt flashes through Siena's gracious Piazza del Duomo. When Romeo in the last act beats with unavailing hands at the church door, he strikes the great bronze portal, green and inscrutable, of San Zeno Maggiore at Verona.

Image by image, in short, Castellani's *Romeo and Juliet* is a fine film poem. Unfortunately, it is not Shakespeare's poem. In his obsession with the beautiful single frame, Castellani has ignored not only the rhythm of Shakespeare's scenes but has even failed to set a rhythm when he cuts from frame to frame. Furthermore, his continental ear could not catch the endless modulations of voice that are necessary to make Shakespeare's language intelligible—let alone affecting—to a modern audience.

As for the principals, Castellani has gained the full advantage of their youth—and also of their inexperience. As Romeo, Laurence Harvey fails to generate much glandular heat, and, like most Romeos, reads his lines with a kind of empty fervor. Susan Shentall, while reading hers without distinction, nevertheless has what is so rare and so right in a Juliet: a delicate haze of sensuality that clouds the clear child face with passion's promises. The scene in which Romeo and Juliet meet, in which she foots the galliard, and the two touch trembling hands in the dainty ballad of the masks, is a passage paced to the heartbeat of first love.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Heart of the Matter. Graham Greene's novel, a passionate choral on the themes of sin and salvation, is rearranged into something more like Mad Dogs and Englishmen; Trevor Howard and Maria Schell are superb as the lovers (TIME, Dec. 13).

Gates of Hell. A Japanese legend of quaint war and fatal lust, wrapped in a rich kimono of colors (TIME, Dec. 13).

Phffff! Jack Lemmon and Judy Holliday, as man and ex-wife, give a wacky answer to the divorce question (TIME, Nov. 15).

Carmen Jones. Red-hot and black Carmen, with Dorothy Dandridge putting the torch to Bizet's babe, and Pearl Bailey hoarsing around in the wide-screen wings (TIME, Nov. 1).

A Star Is Born. Judy Garland makes a stunning comeback in a Technicolored musical version of 1937's Academy Award winner; with James Mason, Jack Carson (TIME, Oct. 25).

Sabrina. The boss's sons (Humphrey Bogart, William Holden) and the chauffeur's daughter (Audrey Hepburn) are at it again, but thanks to Director Billy Wilder not all the bloom is off this faded comic rose (TIME, Sept. 13).

The Vanishing Prairie. Walt Disney's cameramen catch some intimate glimpses (including the birth of a baby buffalo) of what animal life was like when the West was really wild (TIME, Aug. 23).

On the Waterfront. Elia Kazan's big-shouldered melodrama of dockside corruption; with Marlon Brando (TIME, Aug. 9).



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EDUCATION

The Bite

At a mass meeting of white adults in Linden, Ala., last week, State Senator Walter C. Givhan spoke on one of his favorite topics: the campaign of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to end segregation in the schools. What, he cried, is the real purpose of the campaign? "To open the bedroom doors of our white women to Negro men." And what will happen if the campaign succeeds? The Negroes will see to it that the nation gets a Negro vice president, "and after that happens, what would prevent them from assassinating the President and making the Negro President?" Roared the senator: "You say it can't happen here, but I say it can and will unless we stand up and fight." The crowd, obviously in agreement, promptly voted to set up a white Citizens Council to stop desegregation before it even begins.

By last week the white Citizens Councils that began last summer in Mississippi had spread to at least four Alabama counties. Their purpose, said Lawyer Alston Keith, chairman of the council in Alabama's Dallas County, is "to make it difficult, if not impossible, for any Negro who advocates desegregation to find and hold a job, get credit or renew a mortgage." So far, the council's bark has been worse than its bite, but the bite is taking effect. Examples:

¶ In Indianola, Miss., members of the Citizens Council have been buttonholing patients of Negro Physician Clinton Battle, have warned them that they will lose their jobs if they continue to consult him. Reason: Battle, the first Negro in Sunflower County to register and vote, had been urging other Negroes to follow suit. The council's campaign has been so suc-

cessful that at the last election not a single Negro—including Dr. Battle—appeared at the polls.

¶ In Belzoni, Miss., the Citizens Council learned that Negro Undertaker T. B. Johnson is a member of the pro-integration Regional Council of Negro Leadership, warned him that he had better not take the job of being chairman of the local Negro Boy Scouts. If he did, said his white townsmen, he would never get a penny of credit in Belzoni again. Told that he might also be run out of town, Johnson gave in.

¶ In Columbus, Miss., the Bank of Commerce told Negro Dentist Emmett Stringer, ex-president of the state N.A.A.C.P., that though it had lent him money in the past, it would not do so in the future. Other citizens have taken up the practice of calling Stringer's mother up in the middle of the night to report: "Dr. Stringer has been killed." Added one imaginative caller: "Do you have his body yet?"

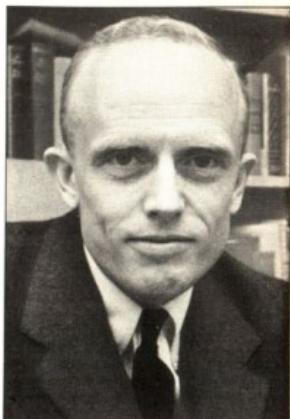
The Need for Law

U.S. intellectuals have often complained that America, wrenched by fear and suspicion, is at war with itself. Last week one intellectual tried to put things back into perspective. "From a casual glance at the contemporary scene," said Yale's President A. Whitney Griswold, "it might almost seem that we were again living in a house divided against itself and all but inundated by a lawless, anti-intellectual flood . . . Is the picture too dark?" Griswold's answer: yes.

Compared to the dissensions of 1854, "our differences today are hot and superficial, like sunburn, not like a fever. The burning issue of 1854 was slavery. Its counterpart of 1954 is the Communist conspiracy. If we had been as united on the first as we are on the second, I dare say there would have been no Civil War. Never in the whole history of the United States, I think, have its people been so overwhelmingly and firmly united on anything as they are in their opposition to Communism." Far from being at war with each other, "we are profoundly . . . at peace."

Why, then, does the nation seem so divided? Partly, says Griswold, because of a "neurotic obsession" that has been fanned and exploited by opportunistic politicians. "The treatment of the obsession, it seems to me, is obvious. It is to meet the real part of it, the Communist conspiracy, with realistic plans for defense; and to cope with the other . . . parts of it with the age-old specifics for such troubles . . . the specifics of law and learning

"I think that law in the United States has suffered some retrogression of recent date . . . I do not think that the full meaning and value of law are communicated to society through the law's own formal processes . . . To be effective, the rule of law must be comprehended by society, not as an esoteric concept, but



Alfred Eisenstaedt—Life

YALE'S GRISWOLD

From neurosis to reason.

as a working principle comparable to regular elections and the secret ballot; and the plain fact is that it is not so comprehended. This, I think, is an educational deficiency . . .

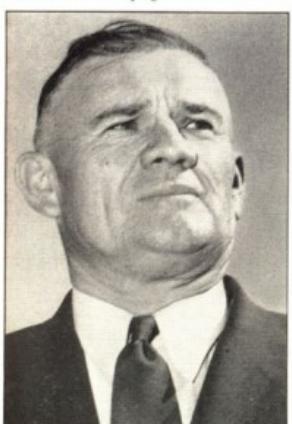
"The American people do not sufficiently understand the rule of law because it has never been properly explained to them. The legal profession has not succeeded in explaining it perhaps because it has been too busy with *ad hoc* issues and winning cases. The teaching profession has not succeeded in explaining it perhaps because it has not sensed its true importance. If the two great pillars of society, law and learning, are to stand, the professional representatives of each must come to the aid of the other . . ."

Report Card

¶ Things may have been tough in 1954, said the National Education Association last week, but they will be tougher in 1955. There will be more than 30 million pupils in the nation's public schools—1,125,000 more than in the last school year.

¶ After questioning 501 college students in the Madras area, the New Delhi *Eastern Economist* found just how topsy-turvy student social life has become. As a result of a growing movement against them, 55% of the Brahmins questioned said they now feel discriminated against, while only a third of the lower castes felt the same. Most common complaint among the highborn: "The untouchables, they persecute us."

¶ Faced with hundreds more applicants than they have room for while still forced to take all qualified comers, California's ten state colleges tackled a ticklish question: Would it be undemocratic to limit enrollments by upping entrance requirements? Last week the state board of education said go ahead. For the present, the colleges need take in only A and B high-school students.



Thomas F. Hill—Birmingham News

ALABAMA'S GIVHAN
From bedroom to White House?

RELIGION

Patient Improved

"His Holiness has asked for an egg," said the taut, nervous voice of Papal Physician Riccardo Galeazzi-Lisi over the long-distance wire to Bologna. "What am I to do? How shall I tell him he can't have it?" The Pope's new doctor, Antonio Gasbarrini, was delighted. "Tell him he can have not only one egg, but two—and have them dipped with Marsala, if he agrees."

Romans were happily telling each other this incident as a sign that Pope Pius XII was better. The outlook was still chancy for a badly weakened man of 78, but by week's end the improvement was dramatic. No one was sure yet what had been wrong with him, but a measure of credit for the Pope's recovery was being given to Dr. Gasbarrini, 72, gastrointestinal specialist, who washed out the Pope's highly acid stomach with an alkaline solution, and discontinued the offbeat treatments of Swiss Dr. Paul Niehans (who injects animal cells into humans to replace worn-out tissues).

At his bedside, the Pope made a point of receiving his old friend and adviser, Msgr. Giovanni Battista Montini—a man who, if he had a red hat, would be one of the top candidates for the papacy. This week Msgr. Montini was consecrated Archbishop of Milan, and when His Holiness presented the archbishop-elect a pectoral cross, a gift not normally made until after the ceremony, the Vatican newspaper *Osservatore Romano* noted this demonstration of "very particular benevolence." Montini's consecration was climaxed by a four-minute recorded speech of affection and blessing by the Pope.

To the young girls of Catholic Action, in a ceremony closing the Marian Year, the Pope wrote that he was "firmly confident" that with God's help the Roman Catholic Church would conquer the forces of evil "in a time perhaps shorter than humanly foreseeable."

Defeat in Chicago

Christmas in Chicago used to include one family celebration. Among as many as 800 children, ecstatic before a mountain of toys and candy-crammed paper bags, workers of the Catholic Youth Organization would labor happily to distribute presents and keep order. And in the middle of the maelstrom would move the founder and father of C.Y.O., The Most Rev. Bernard J. Sheil—a firm-faced Friar Tuck kneeling nimble beside the toddlers, leading other children by the hand, talking to twelve-year-olds with the dignity becoming their years. To Bishop Sheil, the C.Y.O. Christmas Party was a symbol of his life and work—cheerful, practical action among the big-city poor.

But this Christmas there will be no party. The toys people have offered so far have been rejected or sent to some other charity. The second-hand paper bags C.Y.O. staffers saved all year to fill

with candy were thrown away unused. The staff itself was decimated and depressed: Bishop Sheil of Chicago never goes to the C.Y.O. offices any more.

"The Thing You Desire." The Christmas party is only one of many good things that began to vanish from the archdiocese after Sheil's dramatic resignation as C.Y.O. director-general last fall (TIME, Sept. 13). He never told why he resigned, nor did his superior, Samuel Cardinal Stritch, but the reason is becoming as plain as the old Water Works on Michigan Avenue. Bishop Sheil, a generous and sometimes over-generous man, had undertaken a great number of ambitious projects and had spread his resources thin. His long-standing liberalism and impatience with reverse-collar bureaucracy



Arthur Shay

BISHOP SHEIL
Charity ends at home.

had brought him enemies. By the time Bishop Sheil made his well-aimed attack on Joe McCarthy (TIME, April 19), which earned him considerable dislike in some places among the Roman Catholic clergy and laity, the reaction of a few big financial contributors was enough to cause serious trouble. When money sources on which he relied to meet the bulk of the C.Y.O.'s million-dollar budget began to dry up, the cardinal's office began to move in on the C.Y.O., and Sheil quit.

"The C.Y.O. will continue to benefit from your counsel," said Cardinal Stritch to Bishop Sheil publicly, "and will become the thing you desire." But today the C.Y.O. and much of the "empire" of good organizations he created are being whittled away.

The Casualties. Of 27 major activities related to C.Y.O., twelve are dead or have been served with a death warrant, four have been transferred to other agencies, two have been cut down and turned over

to Catholic Charities, four have their fate in doubt. Among the casualties:

¶ Sheil Institute, a commercial college. Attended mostly by young adults with daytime jobs, it required all students (15% Negro, 30% non-Catholic) to take a course in business ethics along with their other work. It will close in January.

¶ The Sheil School of Social Studies, set up to provide adult education in the liberal arts and philosophy. It has been attended by some 20,000 in its eleven years, was at its record enrollment of 700 when it closed last fortnight.

¶ The Sheil Social Service, which collected food and clothing for poor children, closed in September.

¶ FM station WFJL, which promoted religion along with its boxing matches, closing December 31.

No Living Room for Sin?

Books, movies and the stage sometimes tell as much about the spiritual state of an era as the churches. Broadway's most notable failure this season was Roman Catholic Novelist Graham Greene's play, *The Living Room* (TIME, Nov. 29), in which an adulterous triangle destroys itself in the helpless presence of a paralyzed priest, against a background of bigoted neurosis. In London the play ran to packed houses for 38 weeks; in Manhattan it lasted just 21 performances. Last week the Roman Catholic weekly, *Commonweal*, registered a well-taken complaint:

"The New York opening of Graham Greene's *The Living Room* provided some interesting insights into the status of American culture, 1954. [It] gave the New York critics an opportunity to disport their innocence of Christian knowledge or culture. Sin? Suffering? Salvation? What, most of them asked, is all the fuss about? From reviews of *The Living Room* . . . one gained the impression of a culture not merely secularized but somehow de-intellectualized, a culture stripped of even passing acquaintance with the fundamental concerns which had made it great.

"Mr. Brooks Atkinson, for example, confessed in his [New York] *Times* review . . . that a dialogue on sin between a psychiatrist and a priest was quite beyond him. And he wondered what all the play's gloominess, all its brooding over guilt, was about . . . After all, Mr. Atkinson implied, religion is meant to make people 'happy' . . .

"What has religion to do with suffering? What is guilt? What is sin? What is the problem of evil? Graham Greene may or may not have dealt successfully with these questions in *The Living Room*, but the fact that the majority of New York reviewers could not see that the questions are real is a depressing sign of what our culture has come to. We have been fed such a diet of peace of mind and peace of soul, and been provided with so many guides to confident living, that we apparently can no longer grasp the meaning of spiritual anguish or pain in our drama . . . And so there will be no Living Rooms on Broadway; there will be only Solid Gold Cadillacs . . ."

SPORT

Yankee Blue

As an American Rugby player at Oxford, Rhodes Scholar Vincent W. Jones, 24, a blond California giant (6 ft. 3 in., 227 lbs.), had several surprises. Jones knew the rules, but not the British customs. After his first Oxford game—against Richmond, on Oct. 16—he assumed that he had made the team, showed up the following Monday for practice. But the other players were shocked, and the team secretary took him aside and explained patiently that one must not show up for practice unless one receives an engraved invitation (5 in. by 3 in.) from the team captain.

In the game against the London Harlequins on Nov. 20, Vince got a pass from a teammate and carried the ball over the goal line for his first "try," or score. Jones was so elated by his try that he shook hands with the teammate who had passed him the ball. After the match, the team secretary again called the U.S. player aside. "Vince," he said, "some of the officials were a little disappointed to see you and John shaking hands out on the field. Vince, you must understand we don't want to turn this into an emotional game like soccer."

A former Dartmouth varsity tackle, Jones has played Rugby on the U.S. West Coast (where it is mildly popular), and prefers it to U.S. football. "In American football," he says, "the backs do all the thinking and have all the fun. In 'Rugger,' I'm in the game. I get a chance to take part in the tactics, and even to make like a fullback and score." Last week came a triumphal moment for Rugger Enthusiast Vincent Jones: the Oxford-Cambridge game, called simply "the varsity match."

More than 50,000 spectators were in the

corrugated-iron stands at Twickenham, near London. As the first American to win a Rugby blue (*i.e.*, to play in the varsity match) at Oxford since 1931,⁹ Jones stood at attention with his teammates while the band played *God Save the Queen*. Oxford lost the game, 3 to 0, but Outlander Jones acquitted himself well (said the *Manchester Guardian*: "He gave as good as he got"). Relaxing afterward in a steaming tub, which he shared with a teammate—there were only two showers—Jones was pleased that Oxford, though honorably beaten, had won most of the "tight scrums" (scuffling with the feet for possession of the ball).

24 Seconds to Shoot

One hero—and villain—of the professional basketball arenas this season is a small board with blinking lights, set close to the playing area at each end of the court, in plain view of the players, officials, spectators and TV cameras. When a team gets possession of the ball, the board flashes the number 24. Then the numbers dwindle downward, changing every second. This warns the team in possession that it must try for a basket before 24 seconds have elapsed. Otherwise, it loses the ball to the opposing team.

This new rule, adopted for the 1954-55 season, has made the pro game a better, faster, more exciting sport. In other years, "freezing" the ball in the late stages was the bane of the game. A team that found itself a few points ahead near the end would simply pass the ball around from player to player, without trying for a basket.

¶ The last: Frederick L. Hovde, now president of Purdue University. No American has ever played for Cambridge in the varsity match.



Bruce Sinner

PISTONS' COACH & CAPTAIN

A talent for ins and outs.

ket (which would mean losing possession if the shot failed and the opponents grabbed the rebound). The trailing team would then deliberately foul to get possession (risking a one-point foul shot for a possible two-point basket). The leading team would then foul back, and the game would dissolve in a dreary welter.

Under the new rule, in some games this year a team that was behind in the last quarter has managed to pull out to win. All of the National Basketball Association coaches say that they like the 24-second rule, but some college coaches (freezing is still very much a part of the college game) are eying it with misgivings. Also, college crowds want victory, no matter by what means, or how boringly.

Other reasons why the pro game looks different this season:

¶ The powerful Minneapolis Lakers, who won six N.B.A. championships in seven years, are now just a good journeyman team (in second place in the N.B.A.'s western division). Reason: the retirement of 6 ft. 10 in. George Mikan, widely conceded to be the greatest basketball player in history. Big George is vice president and general manager of the Lakers and a part-time lawyer; at 30, he says he has played his last N.B.A. game.

¶ In first place in the western division, and given a good chance to win the east-west playoffs, are the red-hot Fort Wayne Pistons, who at week's end led both divisions with a .773 percentage and had won nine of their last ten games. The Pistons' owner, Fred Zollner, a millionaire piston manufacturer, has spent gobs of money for playing talent, including Captain Andy Phillip, a backcourt ace, and for his coach this year hired Charley Eckman, an N.B.A. referee with no previous coaching experience. On the bench, Novice Coach Eckman comports himself like a cross between a whirling dervish and a man with the seven-year itch. He says he wins games not by telling his proficient players what to do, but by putting them in and pulling them out at the right time.



VINCE JONES (WITH BALL) & OXFORD TEAMMATES
One does not scrum unless one is invited.

David Moore

MUSIC

Next to Godliness

The great and gloomy Dane, Søren Kierkegaard, has turned up in many strange guises. The philosophy of the once-obscure 19th century theologian has been abused to label everything from "existentialist" hairdos to literature, and his troubled probings of Man, God and Infinity have inspired a modern philosophical fad as well as the "crisis theology" of contemporary Protestantism. Last week Kierkegaard appeared in music. His musical interpreter: U.S. Composer Samuel Barber, 44, who studied Kierkegaard for a decade and made him the subject of his first major composition in four years.

Many contemporary composers seem to be reaching for words to go with their music, and for religious themes. Barber's 20-minute work used as its text none of Kierkegaard's intricate philosophizing, but some simple and often beautiful prayers which Composer Barber culled from the preacher's writings. The work begins with plain chant, moves on to orchestral fortissimos, a restrained soprano solo, joyous choral passages and occasional *Dies Irae* trumpet blasts. But the overall effect is quiet, without either the sweetness or the grandeur expected of religious music. It is clean rather than austere. But at its best, the music matches the tender earnestness of the prayers' poetry:

*Father in Heaven! . . .
Hold not our sins up against us but
hold us up against our sins:
So that the thought of Thee should not
remind us of what we have committed
But of what Thou didst forgive;
Not how we went astray, but how Thou
didst save us!*

After last week's Carnegie Hall performance by the Boston Symphony, the critics emerged dazed, uncertain, but impressed. The *Times*' Olin Downes wrote, somewhat existentially, that one "wonders whether many pages of the score are not symbolic rather than expressive, or attemptedly expressive, of what cannot be communicated." The *Herald Tribune's* Paul Henry Lang found the work a "serious, moving and convincing piece." On one point, most of the critics were agreed: they wanted to hear Barber's *Prayers of Kierkegaard* again.

The Brave Bells

When the church bells of France or Italy ring out in the sparkling air, they are apt to sound joyously at random or to strike the lilting cadence of a set tune. But such lightheartedness seems foreign and effete to English campanologists. Their idea of a rousing time in the belfry is to ring changes—mathematical permutations of a series of carefully tuned bells. To untrained ears, ringing changes sounds like the din of boilermakers at work, but the English love the arithmetical beauty of it all.

Begun as a sport by aristocrats in the

17th century, scientific bell ringing fell into disrepute during Georgian times because it raises a great thirst in a man, and ringers went oftener from the belfry to the pothouse than to the church. But now, change ringing is having a revival, sparked by the interest of mathematicians and scientists.⁹ Last week England was agitated by some big bell news: the attempt by eight veteran bell ringers in the Midlands factory town of Loughborough to set a modern change-ringing record.

Bobs & Singles. For change-ringing purposes, a set of eight bells (called "Major") ranging from treble to tenor, are num-

cate matters further. variations are obtained when the conductor calls for "bobs" or "singles" (two bells swap their places out of sequence or dodge backwards among other bells). Eight bells have been rung to their full "extent" (40,320 changes) only once: in 1751, by relays of 13 bell ringers working for 20 hours straight. But modern competition rules, set by the Central Council of Church Bell Ringers as carefully as cricket regulations, forbid the use of relays; only one man to a bell, and he must stick to her (bells, to ringers, are always female) without interruption. Under these conditions, the best that has been done so far is 21,600 changes (time: 12 hrs., 56 min.), rung in 1950 by a Cheshire team, and it was this mark



Brian Seed—LIFE

LOUGHBOROUGH CHANGE RINGERS AT WORK
A promising job, then a bobbed bob.

bered one to eight. At the outset of a Plain Bob Major,¹⁰ the bells are sounded in sequence (known as "rounds"), i.e., 12345678. Then changes are rung: 2143-6587, 24103557, 42618337, etc., through all the possible combinations. To compli-

⁹ Ringing changes on large bells is almost an unknown art in the U.S. One of the few places it is regularly practiced is Kent School, Kent, Conn. To the true bell ringer, the mechanically operated carillon is anathema. "Clocking," whereby a bell is rung by hand, but by pulling a string attached to the clapper and knocking it against the side of a stationary bell, is considered sheer laziness, as is "climbing," whereby the bell is pulled just sufficiently to allow the clapper to hit its side.

¹⁰ More complicated arrangements have more romantic names, e.g., Grandrise Triples, London Surprise, Woodbine, Kent Treble Bob Major, Canterbury Pleasure.

that last week's octet at Loughborough set out to better.

The eight performers (a chemistry teacher, a solicitor's clerk, a printer, a policeman, an Oxford undergraduate, a divinity teacher, a market gardener and a physicist) ate a big predawn breakfast at the King's Head Hotel and, at 4 a.m., climbed the squat red-brick campanile of Taylor's bell foundry. Inside the ringing chamber, the eight ringers strapped a variety of containers to their legs, ranging from not water bags to bicycle bottles (also known in the U.S. as "motormen's pals"). On shelves around them was a selection of food—chocolate, oranges, bananas, grapes, malted milk tablets and glucose pills (ringers may eat only so long as they feed themselves and keep on ringing). On a back rest behind Tony Jesson, assigned to



man's greatest gift from heaven! **WATER!** how long could you live without it?

America once had more water than it could use. Today supplying our 160 million people is a serious problem.

Our thirsty and expanding nation demands more and more water. For homes, industry, agriculture, America's waterworks engineers are meeting this challenge with typical skill. But their efforts alone are not enough.

They need your help if you, and your children are to continue to enjoy a plentiful supply. So use water, enjoy it . . . but conserve it wherever you can. Man's greatest gift from heaven is too precious to waste. Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3,

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use it . . . enjoy it . . . protect it with . . .

CAST IRON PIPE

CAST IRON

No. 3 bell, were six clean handkerchiefs: Jesson was suffering from flu.

At 4:13 a.m., the eight men seized their sallies (cotton tufts on the bell ropes) and Conductor Eric Critchley cried "Off!" The round pealed out. Then Critchley had nothing to do except pull his own bell rope until about three minutes later, after so changes, he called for the first "bob."

The ringers went on at a cracking pace. At 5:47 a.m., the three watching umpires filled out their first report: "Good, but a little too fast to be healthy."

Heaves & Singles. The town outside lay in surprising quiet (the louvers in the tower were covered). In the ringing chamber, the hours moved toward midday and the variations mounted toward 20,000. The eight ringers still stood in a rough circle, ropes in hand. Their pull was leisurely: a heave first at the loop of the rope and then, when the rope came down as the bell swung over from the set position to make a full circle, each man would make a second smooth pull. Conductor Critchley chewed gum, glanced around now and then, and called out "Bob" and "Single" on schedule. The men looked as though they could go on forever, especially since the bells in Taylor's bell tower are light (many tenor bells, for instance, weigh more than 1½ tons, while Taylor's is only 755 lbs.).

The score edged over 21,000. Only 600 to go to tie the record. Suddenly there was confusion. Conductor Critchley had missed calling a bob. Some of the bells quickly dodged into the bob on their own, but the rest got lost, and the jangling clangor high in the tower stopped. The three umpires sadly closed the books on the Loughborough attempt. The team had rung 21,088 changes, against Champion Cheshire's 21,600. Said Critchley: "It was silly, really. I was just standing there, wondering how long Tony Jesson could go on. And I completely missed the bob."

Next day the British press gave the ringers their due for a gallant try. Headlined the *Manchester Guardian*: "EVEREST" UNCONQUERED! Said the London *Times*: CASE OF THE MISSING BOB—BELLRINGERS STUMBLE. Grumped the *Daily Mirror*: OH, HELL'S BELLS! Critchley and company, not waiting to read their press notices, shared a bottle of whisky and headed for the King's Head pub, determined to win the championship next year.

Nights in Shinbone Alley

"This short hepcat opera buffa is a boffola," caroled *Variety* in its review of archy and mehitabel. Set to jazzy, tricky but agreeable music by George (*Tubby the Tabby*) Kleinsinger, the hard knocks and good times of Shinbone Alley came to life last week at Manhattan's Town Hall, providing the music season's pleasantest half hour.

Librettist Joe Daron fairly faithfully followed the saga of archy, described by his creator, the late Columnist Don Marquis, as a sensitive cockroach who had to express himself or die. For archy, writing was even more painful than for most



Tommy Weber

ARCHY & MEHITABEL
the guts within for a violin.

poets: he had to type each letter by diving headfirst from the frame of the machine to the keys (his works were all in lower case because he was unable to land simultaneously on the shift key). His bruised outpourings are mostly about mehitabel, the life-battered but life-loving cat ("toujours gai, toujours ga") who is pretty sure she is a reincarnation of Cleopatra, the hottest cat on the Nile. The libretto is somewhat bowdlerized (gone is mehitabel's running refrain of "wotthehell wotthehell"), but the original's splendid gutteralism is still there:

wind come out of the north
and pierce to the guts within
but some day mehitabel's guts
will string a violin

In the Manhattan production (imaginatively presented without sets or costumes by the Little Orchestra Society), Mignon Dunn, a mezzo-soprano of Damaro-like proportions, made a fine, feline mehitabel; diminutive Baritone Jonathan Anderson made the best-voiced cockroach in history, and a vocal quartet called the Four Heatherstones supplied bacchanalian backgrounds. This spring Columbia Records will release an archy and mehitabel album, starring Carol Channing. But Kleinsinger and Daron expect the bulk of their royalties to result from the opera fever that has broken out across the U.S. among amateur and semi-pro groups. University workshops in particular have eagerly seized on such short works as Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Telephone* and Kurt Weill's *Down in the Valley*. In that company archy and mehitabel should easily hold its own: it is consistently imaginative and *toujours gai*.

THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

The *Bad Seed* (adapted from William March's novel by Maxwell Anderson) will not be easily dislodged as the season's most harrowing drama. It is the tale of a sweet, golden-haired, eight-year-old girl who, when crossed or cornered, indulges in murder. But its various homicides do not begin to exhaust its horrors. Slowly, tormentedly, the little girl's mother becomes aware of her daughter's nature; then she discovers that her own mother was a mass murderer also.

In its recital, its crescendo of horrors—some of which it would be unfair to reveal—*The Bad Seed* has gripping scenes and many chilling moments. And the play's quasi-realistic tone, its reassuringly middle-class atmosphere, enhance the sense of horror, often impart that sudden eeriness of the familiar, that peculiar credence of the incredible. And the play gets the accomplished acting it needs. As the child, Patty McCormack brings a convincing naturalness to her studied evil-doings; as the mother, Nancy Kelly fully and keenly expresses the role without ever keenly exploiting its opportunities.

The Bad Seed has, however, its shortcomings. It does not sufficiently hew to the line; it does not properly keep to a level. A faithful enough adaptation of March's novel, it yet has characters and scenes that, on the stage, make for slackness and dead spots. And it loses in intensity from having too many themes and too full a bag of horrors.

Into the theater's greedy maw has gone too much; what emerges, however hard-hitting, seems too meaningless. For all its force, *The Bad Seed* betokens neither art nor life; for all its grimness, it can only be classified as entertainment.



KELLY & MCCORMACK
Murder at eight.

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Santa Fe

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Holiday Cheer

"I get backaches from waiting on these people," said a Dallas retailer last week. "If business was any better, I'd be in the hospital." The joyful complaint was echoed by thousands of retailers across the U.S. last week, as hordes of Christmas shoppers invaded their stores.

In Miami Beach sales were 6% above last year; in Los Angeles they were up 12% in some stores. Allied Stores Corp., biggest U.S. department-store chain (60 units), hopes to ring up \$100 million in Christmas sales, 10% above last year. For the first time in its history Chicago's big Marshall Field had a million-dollar shopping day in November, as the Christmas season opened. In Boston, Kansas City, Seattle and 30 other major U.S. cities, the Commerce Department took a quick checkup, found Christmas buying running an average 5% ahead of last year.

One of the reasons was the spread of price-cutting. To meet the growing threat from discount houses, some department stores cut prices on the thousands of products on the Fair Trade list (e.g., cameras, toys, cosmetics, small appliances, sporting goods, jewelry, drugs). Since General Electric Co. pulled out the props from under major-appliance prices (TIME, Dec. 6), the fixed-price line has been rapidly crumbling despite a decision of the U.S. Supreme Court, which last week again refused to question the validity of Fair Trade laws, thus in effect gave them its blessing.

One major price breakthrough showed

up in Manhattan where R. H. Macy & Co. and Gimbel Bros. teamed up against Lionel Corp.'s suit to stop the department stores from cutting prices on electric trains. Macy accused Lionel of discriminating against the department stores in favor of discount houses, of using department stores as "showcases and [to] provide . . . an umbrella for price-cutting . . ." Said Macy Attorney Donald Smiley: "Discount houses have been making a mockery of Fair Trade prices." As a result, Macy, Gimbel's and other New York department stores kept right on discounting scores of Fair Trade products, and were offering a \$65 Lionel train for Christmas for \$45.50.

RAILROADS

Al's Miracle

How has the New York Central done since Robert R. Young took over six months ago? Last week Chairman Young and President Alfred Perlman called reporters into the railroad's luxurious board room in Manhattan to give the answer. With his usual hyperbole, Young summed up: "Al Perlman has performed a miracle. It will go down as one of the great executive accomplishments in history."

When Young took over after the bitter proxy war, the road was running some \$6,000,000 in the red. Last week he announced that the November profit was \$5,400,000. For the year the Central would net up to \$5,000,000. The Central, said Young, was now in good enough shape to pay a regular quarterly dividend for the first time since 1931 and he planned



Tommy Weber

NEW YORK CENTRAL'S YOUNG & PERLMAN
The president made tracks.

to recommend the first payment to the directors at their January meeting. He hoped it would be 50¢ a share.

The announcement did not come as a complete surprise. For six weeks Central has been one of the heaviest-traded stocks on the New York Stock Exchange, rising from 19½ to 28. Young's announcement put it up another 1½ points.* For next year Young estimated earnings of about \$36 million, more than enough to cover the proposed dividend. President Perlman was not as "confident" as his boss, but estimated earnings at \$30 million.

The road was put into the black, said Young, not by an increase in business but by drastic economies. Perlman lopped some 15,000 employees off the payroll to save \$100 million a year, leaving a work force of 75,000, lowest since 1930. He canceled orders for 62 new diesels (\$8,300,000) placed by his predecessors, instead found 97 diesels already in service that could do "50%" more work than the new ones. He also sent diesels into repair shops once a month instead of twice, thus enabling him to close some of the shops entirely.

Perlman poked into every corner of the road trying to trim the "belly fat." For example, he walked into a shop in Cleveland unannounced one evening at 9:30 p.m., found "not a man working. They were all in the locker room, although they don't go off work until 11." He shut down the shop. With better use of diesels, he found that he could retire 381 less efficient steam locomotives, leaving only 150.

Turning to the future, Railroaders Perlman and Young gave a preview of other plans for continued improvement of the Central. Among them:



CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS AT MACY'S
Price cutters rode the electric trains.

Tommy Weber

* Thus giving Texas Wheeler-Dealers Sid Richardson and Clint Murchison paper profits of \$1,350,000 on the 300,000 shares that they still hold of the 800,000 shares purchased at \$25 a share last March.

TIME CLOCK

¶ A low-slung, lightweight passenger train will be ordered soon, if the committee of Eastern railroad presidents formed to investigate its possibilities (TIME, July 12) does not come up with a mass order for such a train. Young added that General Motors will have a new train "on the rails by July, Pullman shortly thereafter, and A.C.F. soon after that."

¶ The Central, which had great plans for new terminals and cars for "piggybacking" truck trailers on flatcars under the old management (TIME, April 10), has changed its mind. Instead, the road will try to win business from truckers with new fast freight runs, such as the new New York-Chicago schedules that cut perishable-goods shipments by ten hours.

¶ Next month the Interstate Commerce Commission will be asked for permission to discontinue the road's West Shore line, which carries some 4,000 commuters down the west side of the Hudson, then takes them across to Manhattan on the Weehawken ferry. The Central, said Young, has already lost enough on the West Shore to buy Chevrolets for all its passengers to drive to New York.

GOVERNMENT

Green Light for Truckers

To curb overloaded interstate trucks on its highways the state of Illinois decided on drastic measures: habitual offenders would be barred from the state for one year. But when Hayes Freight Lines of Mattoon, Ill., was barred after 157 overweight violations, Hayes fought the suspension, carried the case to the U.S. Supreme Court. Last week the court cleared Hayes, thereby delivered a crippling blow to the authority of states to police their highways.

Said the court: "No [interstate carrier's] certificate is to be revoked, suspended or changed until after a hearing and a finding [by the Interstate Commerce Commission]. Such a state suspension of interstate transportation . . . would conflict with the Federal Motor Carrier Act which is the supreme law of the land . . . The only thing a state may do, said the court, is appeal to ICC."

But many a state highway official knows that ponderous old ICC often takes years to act on anything. About all the states can do is slap on more fines, even though the truckers pay little attention to them. Most of them count fines as simply another routine cost of doing business.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Closed-Door Policy

In Tokyo last week the government's powerful Foreign Investment Council met in the Bank of Japan's oak-paneled conference room to screen foreign investment proposals. Before it were 70 applications, most of them from U.S. corporations who wished to invest an estimated \$34 million

OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTIES are on the way out. The Employers' Association of Chicago took a survey of 265 companies, reported that less than half will hold parties this year. Nearly 40 companies that had office parties last year will discontinue them in favor of extra time off, gifts to charity or parties for people who really enjoy them: employees' children.

POWER-POLICY CHANGE by the Administration will be reflected in the new budget now being prepared. For the first time it will ask for a sizable chunk of money to finance new water projects. Among them: an irrigation plan for the upper Colorado River, and the Frying Pan-Arkansas project to bring water by tunnel from the Colorado River under the continental divide.

VOODOO-IT-YOURSELF KIT has been developed for the Air Force by McDonnell Aircraft Corp. To make repairs on its new supersonic Voodoo jet fighter, the St. Louis planemaker has printed 1,100 drawings of structural parts (wing panels, etc.) on a special transparent glass cloth. All a mechanic has to do is lay the cloth over a sheet of chemically prepared metal, set it in the sun; the sun's rays trace the part's exact outline on the metal for the mechanic to cut out.

COTTON-PRICE PROPS will probably be held at 90% of parity again next year, providing farmers vote to approve an 18.1 million-acre planting allotment as expected. Agriculture Secretary Benson has all but promised farmers that he will keep crops high, although he could push them down to 82.5% under the new flexible price law. However, if farmers turn down acreage quotas in their vote this week, the props will automatically drop to 50%.

NLRB SERVICES can no longer be called on by small radio and TV stations, telephone and telegraph companies (less than \$200,000 in annual business). By a 3-2 vote, the Republican majority has clipped the board's

authority in line with its policy of limiting jurisdiction to cases with a "pronounced effect" on interstate commerce.

PHILIPPINE OIL REFINERY, built and owned by Caltex Inc., will be the islands' first and the largest private investment in the Philippines. The \$30 million plant, just opened 72 miles south of Manila, will employ 450, start with a refining capacity of 13,000 bbls. of crude oil a day for the expanding Asian market.

ELECTRIC APPLIANCE SALES, which have been down this year, will hit a record in 1955, predicts John H. Ashbaugh, vice president of Westinghouse's Electric Appliance Division.

SYNTHETIC RUBBER with all the properties (including the same molecular structure) of natural, tree-grown rubber will be produced by Goodrich-Gulf Chemicals, Inc. The new synthetic, which could make the U.S. completely self-sufficient in rubber during wartime, can be substituted for natural rubber now needed in such strategic items as airplane and truck tires.

NEW CAR SALES for 1955 will approach the 6,000,000 mark, predicts C.I.T. Financial Corp. President Arthur O. Dietz, whose 1954 estimate of 5,400,000 cars will be only shade low. Demand is so heavy that Detroit production is up to 142,000 cars a week, 65% higher than this same last year. One example: Studebaker, which slumped badly in 1954, last week went on overtime at its South Bend, Ind. plant.

JET FLYING BOAT, the Martin XP6M Seamaster, will give the Navy its first water-based, long-range strategic jet bomber next spring. The new plane, under construction at Baltimore, will have an internal bomb bay built into the hull, will be powered by four Allison J71 engines buried in the wing, and probably have enough speed (600-plus m.p.h.) to outrun the Air Force's B-47.

in Japan. When the meeting adjourned two hours later, a spokesman declared: "In due time the companies involved will be informed of any progress."

None of the applicants expected any "progress." Since Jan. 1 the council has not approved a single major U.S. proposal to invest in Japan. Said one U.S. businessman, whose \$200,000 offer has been hanging fire for a year: "They tell you it probably won't be approved and if you insist on applying they just drag their feet until you withdraw." Another businessman with \$600,000 to invest sat in the Imperial Hotel last week sipping bourbon and complained: "I'll use up all the money I've come to invest paying whisky and hotel bills."

The council's commonest excuses for refusing U.S. proposals are that they would drain Japan's dollar reserves or that the industries concerned are "nones-

sential." In some cases the reasons make sense, e.g., a Coca-Cola bottling plant is hardly "essential." But in other cases the ban is unreasonable. Examples:

¶ When Studebaker-Packard Corp. wanted permission to erect an auto assembly plant, it argued that many of the cars would be exported, thus strengthening Japan's foreign exchange position. Though Studebaker even agreed not to convert its profits in Japan into dollars unless it also made money in both dollar and sterling areas, the offer was refused.

¶ Singer Manufacturing Co. wanted to buy 50% control of a small Japanese sewing machine firm and install new machines so the firm could compete better in world markets. Singer was turned down, although it promised not to take more than half its export profits off the island.

¶ Parke, Davis & Co. wanted to manufacture Chloromycetin, pointed out that

CREDIT & THE BUDGET

How a Flexible Policy Works

FEDERAL fiscal policy, a formidable subject beloved by economists, is as obscure and unintelligible to almost everyone else as nuclear physics. Yet the Government's fiscal policy directly affects more people than almost anything else the Government does. By increasing or decreasing the supply of money, the Government indirectly determines such things as 1) how much a person can borrow, 2) whether he can get a mortgage on his house and how much it will cost him, and 3) whether he will get or keep a job. Last week a joint committee of Congress held the first full-scale hearing on the Administration's fiscal policy.

Led by Banker-Economist John D. Clark, one-time Truman adviser, the Democrats called the Administration's policy a failure. They charged that mistakes in manipulating money rates had cut off the boom in 1953 and prolonged 1954's recession. Clark argued that the "new fiscal managers set out to upset the business boom as soon as they took office in January 1953. The tightening of credit and increase in interest rates smothered a business boom." Furthermore, added Clark, the Administration should lower bank reserves, ease credit still more, thus give the economy "an extra push" back to 1953 levels.

In answer, Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey argued that the big boom was out of hand in 1953 and "any further sizable expansion of credit could result only in uneconomic competition for scarce labor and materials at the risk of further price rises." The situation "called for monetary and credit restraint." As for now, concluded Humphrey, "there is nothing . . . that would lead me to believe we should do anything drastic."

On the record, the relative stability of the U.S. economy since 1953 was the best evidence Humphrey had on his side. The cost of living, which rose to 115.4 (1947-49=100) in 1953, has only fluctuated .7 point in the past ten months, and is now at 114.5, nearly a point lower than last year.

To achieve this stability, the Administration, aided by other factors, had indeed "upset" the boom. The boom had pushed prices, production and inventories all to record levels in 1953, and as business gobbled up all the credit available, interest rates rose. By boosting its rates on a new long-term bond issue, the Treasury nudged interest rates still higher, thus tightening credit and money all along the line. However, many economists think the credit pinch came too fast and too

hard. Within a month, the Treasury's new 30-year, 3½% bonds fell below par; in the market flurry, mortgage money almost evaporated and credit in general was tight. But the Treasury soon reversed itself and with the help of the Federal Reserve Board eased credit again (TIME, July 6, 1953).

Actually, the market slump was not so much the result of what the Administration did as the way it talked about it. It floated its new long-term bonds in such a state of talk about a return to hard-money policies, tighter credit and balancing the national budget that businessmen worried about a real money pinch. Later, when the Treasury eased rates, it failed to publicize the move properly. As a result, the worries about tightening credit persisted; businessmen cut down on inventories and buying long after the squeeze was over.

Since then, the Administration has been careful to talk softly, not upset the merciful money market. Its clearly marked policy is one of "active ease," i.e., low interest rates and plenty of credit. The Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve Board, which were often at odds over policy during the Truman Administration, have worked in harmony to keep the money markets operating smoothly. Furthermore, the Administration has given up another hard-money idea, at least for the time being: balancing the national budget. Last week Secretary Humphrey announced that this fiscal year's deficit would be about \$4.7 billion, but that he hoped it could be held under \$3 billion next year.

Does the U.S. need a further easing of credit? To most economists the answer is just the opposite. The Administration, for example, is worried about the stock-market boom, but there is no move afoot to try to check it. The greatest worry is the vast supply of mortgage credit, especially veterans' loans which permit houses to be bought with little or no money down. However, the officials feel that there is no practical way to tighten mortgage credit without nipping credit all along the line, which would be damaging to the business upturn. The Government hopes that eventually housing credit will tighten of its own accord.

In any case, the Administration has learned that the secret of a successful fiscal policy is flexibility. There is no doubt that the policy will remain flexible. And the Administration will not hesitate to tighten up credit—or ease it further—in the interests of keeping a stable economy.

It cost the Japanese a precious \$300,000 annually for patent rights to make themselves, but got nowhere.

The disappointed applicants were well aware that the real reason for the turn-downs was a 1) resurgence of nationalism and 2) pressure from native manufacturers, who were reluctant to put in efficient production lines and retool to meet the fresh competition. In addition, there was pressure from banks protecting their 12½% interest rates.

The closed-door policy was especially galling to U.S. manufacturers, who were asked recently by the Administration to support a program of stepped-up imports from Japan, lest the island be forced to trade with Red China (TIME, Nov. 29). Many a U.S. merchant in Tokyo thought that Japan wanted to discourage private U.S. capital to get more U.S. Government handouts. Said a U.S. official in Japan last week: "Give and take has come to mean something much different to the Japanese. To them it means 'you give and we will take.'"

UTILITIES

Whirlpool on the Columbia

In the booming Pacific Northwest, where electric power is all-important, power will soon be in desperately short supply. Since 1934, a total of \$1.8 billion, most of it federal money, has been spent on dams to harness the Columbia River and produce 3,000,000 kw. of power for industrial expansion. In the next 20 years the Northwest will need up to 9,000,000 kw. more, costing from \$3.5 to \$7 billion. But because of wrangling and bitter competition between public and private powermen, only three big dams are currently under construction, and no new dams have been started since 1952. The Longview, Wash. News put it bluntly: "The Northwest power situation is in a chaotic state. Almost anything would be better than what we are trying to get along with now."

Last week Northwest powermen thought they had one answer to the problem. They proposed a huge, international program that could serve as a model for developing the entire Columbia Basin. The project: a dam and power network at Mica Creek, B.C. (see map) that would back up twice as much water as Grand Coulee Dam, serve Canada and the U.S. with a whopping 3,000,000 kw. of new power.

Share & Share Alike. A group of five Northwest power companies, headed by Paul Raver, one-time Bonneville Power administrator and now president of Seattle's city-owned Municipal Light and Power System, want to build a 700-ft. high, \$350-million earth-fill dam across the Columbia where it winds through the Canadian wilderness. At the dam itself and two other sites between Mica Creek and the border, Canada could build powerhouses to produce 1,700,000 kw. of power. The Canadian government would also release enough water from Mica Creek during the dry winter months to produce 1,240,000 additional kw. at Grand Coulee and two

other federal dams now under construction: Chief Joseph and The Dalles.

Under the proposed deal, one of the five U.S. companies, probably the Puget Sound Power & Light Co., would build the dam, turn it over to Canada free. In return, Puget Sound would get an 800,000-kw. share of the new power produced in the U.S. (a portion of which it would resell to the other companies), leaving 440,000 kw. for the federal-power network. Total cost to the company for the Mica Creek dam: \$700 million, which it would pay off at the rate of \$14 million annually for 50 years through the sale of low-cost power.

Salmon & Aluminum. In Washington and Ottawa last week, both the U.S. and Canadian governments were enthusiastic about the new plan, praised it for its cooperative approach. Besides Mica Creek, federal and private dam builders have projects for 49 more dams with a combined potential of some 11,900,000 kw., enough to give the Northwest power aplenty. But on most of them, battles over who shall build the dams, water rights, etc. are blocking construction. One of the most serious fights is between dam builders and conservation groups. So far, conservationists have filed "major" objections to 20 projects, "minor" objections to another 16. Some big projects and their troubles:

¶ The proposed \$263-million federal Libby Dam (600,000 kw.) on Montana's Kootenay River is being blocked by objections from Canada, where the water would be stored, and by railroad and conservation interests.

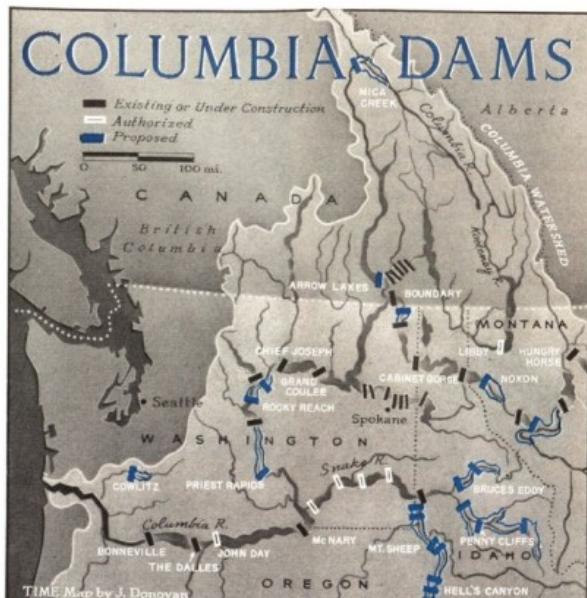
¶ The \$320-million John Day Dam (1,500,000 kw.), authorized by Congress for the Columbia, has been brought to a standstill by a fight over a private-power proposal to pay half the cost in return for a share of the power.

¶ At Arrow Lakes in British Columbia, Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Corp. wants to build a \$27-million storage dam to provide 300,000 kw. of power, split it up between the U.S., Canada, and its Washington aluminum mills. But Canada may kill the program to protect its new \$275-million aluminum complex at Kitimat (TIME, Aug. 16).

¶ At Priest Rapids on the Columbia, the Grant County Public Utility District and the Government have agreed to go shares on a \$361-million dam to produce 640,000 kw., plus flood control, navigation and reclamation. But a court battle is raging with the Washington State Power Commission over Grant County's right to take the job.

¶ At Boundary, Cowlitz and Rocky Reach on the Columbia and its tributaries, three dams are planned to produce 1,310,000 additional kw. of power, but fish interests and mining companies are so strongly opposed that the outlook is dim.

"The Only Way." To solve their power problems, many Northwest powermen think that eventually the Government will have to form a huge federal corporation to bring all the warring interests together. Such a Columbia River develop-



TIME Map by J. Donovan

ment commission would work much like the joint operation of the New York State Power Authority and the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission to develop the St. Lawrence Seaway, use its authority to get low-cost financing for dams without controlling their actual operation. Says Puget Sound's President McLaughlin: "We've got to get working, and the only way is to work together. The day of large federal appropriations is gone. Obstructionism—kicking each other in the pants—is too costly for the region and for the country."

Financing Dixon-Yates

The Dixon-Yates contract, which has already been raked over by the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy (TIME, Nov. 22), last week came up for a second currying. This time it was the turn of the Securities and Exchange Commission. SEC was not interested in the public v. private power debate that has raged around the contract. It was interested only in financing details of the 650,000-kw. plant that Dixon-Yates has contracted to build at West Memphis, Ark., to provide power for the Atomic Energy Commission. Like any other new company planning a stock issue, Dixon-Yates needed to satisfy SEC that the costs and profits it expects are reasonable.

President Edgar H. Dixon of Middle South Utilities Inc. furnished the financing details of the \$105 million project. The new company (official name: Mississippi Valley Generating Co.) expects to

sell 79% of a \$5,500,000 common stock issue to Middle South Utilities Inc., 21% to Southern Co., headed by Eugene A. Yates. The remaining \$99,915,000 (95% of the plant's cost) would be borrowed in banknotes and bonds.⁹ As for profits, said Dixon, the combine would collect a return of 8.98% on its \$5,500,000 risk capital if construction costs are in line with the \$104,115,000 construction estimate. But if costs run as much as 15% above estimate, said he, Dixon-Yates profits would be wiped out.

Counsel Objects. Chief objections to the deal came from the state of Tennessee and 37 municipalities and public power cooperatives, represented by onetime AEC Counsel Joseph Volpe Jr. Trying to show "interlocking relations" among utilities in violation of the Public Utility Holding Act, he cross-examined Dixon on how Dixon-Yates got the AEC job.

Testified Dixon: "Last December AEC Assistant General Manager Walter Williams wrote J. B. McAfee, president of Electric Energy, Inc., which built a \$197 million power plant for AEC at Joppa, Ill., for suggestions on how AEC could get more power. McAfee wrote back that he thought Electric Energy should not build another plant, instead suggested that a new company handle it. McAfee then telephoned Dixon, a vice president of Electric Energy (which is 10% owned by Middle South) and told him of AEC's need. In January or February Dixon and

⁹ From eight New York City banks, eighteen Southern banks.

Yates opened serious discussions about "joining together on this venture."

Gentleman's Agreement. Volpe demanded that Dixon produce the written evidence of these first negotiations. Up to the time Dixon-Yates made its first proposal to AEC, said Dixon, "virtually nothing" was put on paper. All engineering consultations, cost estimates, etc., were made verbally, said Dixon, without minutes or memoranda, with only "some worksheets" filed for future reference.

When Volpe tried to question whether the plant was needed for national defense, SEC Chairman Ralph E. Demmler shut him off. Said he: "This commission is not . . . an appellate court to review [AEC contracts]." At week's end SEC went into overtime sessions to hurry along the hearings, and the chances seemed good that SEC would okay the stock issue. Dixon-Yates must then file for approval of its \$99,915,000 loan. After that stands the biggest hurdle of all: a Democratic Congress, which has already promised to give the contract a third going-over.

MODERN LIVING

Help in the Kitchen

Since World War II, when servants all but disappeared from the kitchen, a pair of Omaha, Neb., businessmen named W. Clarke and Gilbert C. Swanson have done more than anyone else to take their place. As president and chairman of C. A. Swanson & Sons frozen-food company, the brothers have cut hours from kitchen chores with nine lines of frozen pies, appetizers, meat and poultry dishes, and complete "TV Dinners," each one ready to heat and eat within minutes. The result: a booming \$100-million yearly business that is really just starting to grow.

By pre-clearing turkeys so that they can be shoved into the oven with little work beforehand, the Swansons changed turkey from a Thanksgiving dish to a year-round habit, thereby doubling U.S. turkey-eating. Last week, at their newest \$2,000,000 plant at Modesto, Calif., the Swansons were getting into peak production of a new product: a pre-stuffed frozen turkey. In four months production has jumped 50%, to 15,000 birds a day. Last week, by adding a night shift, the Swansons boosted output to 18,000 (about 350,000 lbs.) daily, and they still cannot catch up with demand.

Leave the Pie Alone. The Swansons have done well in the kitchen because they are cooks themselves and know a cook's problems. Both were taught to cook by their mother, and they still spend hours in their test kitchen trying out new dishes. Before any new product is put on sale, it is passed on by a panel of hotel chefs and a group of 1,200 specially chosen housewives around the nation. After a dish is on the market, buyers flood Swanson headquarters with a thousand letters of advice every day. Wrote one worried New Jerseyite: "I'm afraid you'll get an efficiency expert to change the recipe for your chicken pie. Please leave the pie alone." The Swansons did.



Hugh Sidey
GILBERT & CLARKE SWANSON
Cold turkey.

To sell their products, the Swansons also go right to the housewife. Clarke Swanson likes to prowl supermarket food counters, see for himself how housewives shop. Says he: "I watch them pick up a package, drop it, pick up another, look at the picture. Finally, they put something in the basket. Then I ask them why." One thing he found was that the picture on the package was just as important as the price tag. As a result, Swanson packages all have bright, tempting wrappers.

Watch the Fowls Go By. In moving into the kitchen, the Swansons have moved out of the family business founded by their father Carl in 1900. At first, the company supplied bulk frozen foods for other packagers. Later, during World War II, it turned out canned rations for the Army and stepped up its gross from \$9,000,000 to \$43 million in 1944. But the biggest jump came with peace, when the Swansons noted both the boom in home freezers and the shortage of domestic servants, brought out beef, chicken and turkey pies, new roast beef and fried chicken dinners, all ready for the oven. Their first frozen TV Dinner (sliced turkey on cornbread, buttered peas, sweet potatoes, gravy) now sells at the rate of 13 million a year. Total production: well over 10 million packages a month, from the production lines of plants at Omaha, Modesto, and Salisbury, Md.

The new frozen pre-stuffed turkey costs housewives a few cents a pound more than the unstuffed one, but the Swansons soon hope to sell both birds at the same price, make money on the added weight of the stuffing. Next on the list of possibilities: a corned beef dinner and a ham steak dinner. Says Clarke Swanson: "Our plants are the kitchens of tomorrow. Fifteen years from now 50% of the space in stores will be for frozen foods."

MLESTONES

Born. To María del Carmen Franco y Polo, Marquesa de Villaverde, 27, daughter of Spain's Generalissimo Francisco Franco, and Cristóbal Martínez Bordón Ortega y Bascáñez, Marqués de Villaverde, 32; their third child, first son. Name: Francisco. Weight: 8 lbs. 13 oz.

Married. Dixie Dunbar, 36, onetime Broadway dancing star (*Yodel Boy*) whose legs have more recently been seen dancing beneath the pack of Old Golds on TV commercials; and Robert M. Herndon, motion-picture executive; both for the second time; in Manhattan.

Married. Sylvia, Lady Ashley, 44, London chorus girl turned socialite; and Prince Dimitri Djordjadze, 53, imperial Russian cavalryman turned Manhattan hotel executive (the Ambassador); she for the fifth time (among her others: Douglas Fairbanks Sr.; Clark Gable), he for the third; in Fort Lee, N.J.

Married. Harold H. Velde, 44, Republican Congressman from Illinois, chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities; and Mrs. Dolores Anderson, 37, his former secretary; both for the second time; in Baltimore.

Married. Alexander Stewart, 82, hardware-store owner and dad of Cimarron actor James Stewart (who happily played a supporting role as best man); and Mrs. J. J. Stothard, 76; both for the second time; in Indiana, Pa.

Divorced. By Jane Wyman, 40, Oscar-winning cinemactress (*Jenny Belinda*); Fred Kariger, 38, Hollywood composer and orchestra leader, her third husband; after two years of marriage, no children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Dr. Stephen B. L. Penrose Jr., 46, president of the American University of Beirut and International College, oldest (founded in 1866) and largest U.S. overseas educational institution; of a heart attack; in Beirut, Lebanon.

Died. Gladys George, 50, full-blown, platinum-blonde character actress of stage (*Personal Appearance*) and screen (*The Best Years of Our Lives*); of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Hollywood.

Died. Joseph B. Keenan, 66, chief prosecutor in the Japanese war crimes trials, onetime gangbusting Assistant U.S. Attorney General; of a heart attack; in Asheboro, N.C.

Died. Hugh Gibson, 71, veteran career diplomat, ranking spokesman (as U.S. Ambassador to Belgium and Minister to Poland and Switzerland) for American policy in Europe during the 1920s and early 1930s, director of the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration; of coronary embolism; in Geneva.

Does a machine ever think like a man?

You bet! Many business machines can out-calculate a normal, quick-thinking man. It's a good thing they do, or business would never get its bookkeeping done.

These machines are collections of small machined steel parts, working smoothly under cover of sheet steel housings.

They are marvels of accuracy that sometimes actually seem to think.

And many of them are made of J&L cold finished steels and J&L sheet and strip steel.



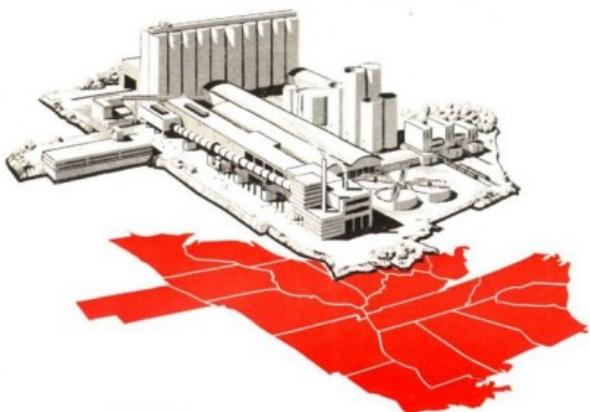
**J&L
STEEL**

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Look to J&L... for the steels that work for modern industry

SCIENCE

These things you should know about **MARQUETTE**



Marquette is important to you and the nation as one of America's major producers of portland cement, a leading provider of the prime ingredient of super highways, atomic plants, industrial installations and other concrete construction of all kinds. Marquette serves big markets in 18 states of the midwest, south and southeast, its production capacity has been increased 96 per cent since World War II, its sales and earnings have set successive new records in each of the last eight years.

And Marquette is on the move to still greater growth and service, still greater stability through planned expansion and development.

Quick Facts		Sand producing plant Water transportation fleet
Eight producing plants		
Two shipping plants		
Current annual capacity 13,350,000 barrels		
Current rate of sales \$35,000,000 annually		
Current rate of net income \$5,000,000 annually		
Common dividends in 43 of 45 years, unbroken in last 22 years		

MARQUETTE Cement

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Meteorite's Return

The only meteorite known to have hit a human (TIME, Dec. 13) is back in Alabama, after brief sequestering by the Air Force. The woman it bruised, Mrs. Hullitt Hodges of Sylacauga, is feeling much better, and so is her husband. "Lord have mercy" he cried, when the black stone came home. "Let me put my hands on that thing." But he has not yet sold it, as he hopes to, for more than its weight in gold.

The Unmentionable Subject

The most recent H-bomb test (by the Russians) was made in Siberia about three months ago, but the fall-out of fear and worry that the H-bomb tests have caused has by no means died away. Like the menacing byproducts of the explosions, concern has spread around the world.

A short, unexcited paper presented to the French Academy of Sciences has provoked a storm of foreboding in the French press and public. Written by physicist Charles-Noel Martin and sponsored by the Nobel Prizewinning Prince Louis de Broglie, it is entitled "On the Cumulative Effects of Thermonuclear [Hydrogen] Explosions on the Surface of the Globe."

"In the past two years," wrote Martin, "there have been about ten H-bomb explosions, each of them equivalent to from 1,000 to 2,500 A-bombs of the type used at Hiroshima. Their effects are on a scale involving an appreciable fraction of the planet. Certain effects on the atmosphere may upset the natural conditions to which life has become adapted."

Global Effects. An H-bomb, said Martin, does the following things:

1) It forms vast amounts of nitric acid out of atmospheric oxygen, nitrogen and moisture. There may be enough of it to acidify the rain over large areas, with adverse effects on vegetation.

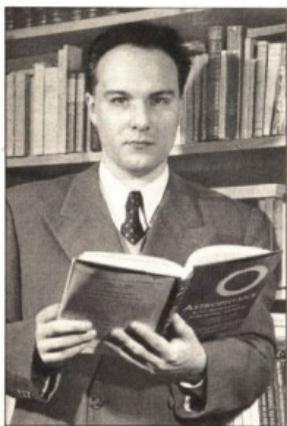
2) When exploded on the ground, an H-bomb throws into the air something like one billion tons of pulverized material. Floating for years in the upper atmosphere, the dust may cut the strength of sunlight. It may act as condensation nuclei, stimulating rainfall, and thereby changing the pattern of the winds. Such modifications of climate will not necessarily be good.

3) Neutrons from an H-bomb turn atmospheric nitrogen into large amounts of radioactive carbon-14, whose half-life is 5,600 years. Absorbed by plants, it eventually enters the tissues of animals and humans. Results: unpredictable.

4) An H-bomb raises appreciably the general level of the earth's radioactivity. Even a slight increase is likely to have important genetic effects. Experimental reasons for fearing this outcome, said Martin, are well established.

Martin, a theoretical physicist, did not check his calculations experimentally, but he explained how it might be done by

simple tests, and he invited other scientists to make the observations. Thus far, no scientist, French or foreign, has communicated to him any findings on the global effects of the H-bombs that have been exploded. This is not because the scientists are not interested, says Martin, or because they do not agree with him. He claims that many of them are privately on his side, but cannot support him publicly. He is sure that the world's weather bureaus, for instance, have been told by their governments to keep out of hydrogen discussions. The best he has got so far is a carefully worded joint statement by Henri Longchambon, France's Under Secretary of State for Scientific



L'Express, Paris

FRANCE'S MARTIN
All out in fall-out?

Research, and Francis Perrin, High Commissioner of Atomic Energy, Said they: "The dangers that can result from a multiplicity of atomic-bomb explosions—particularly H-bombs—are real."

Official Silence. In every country, in fact, H-information is hard to get. If U.S. scientists are making independent observations, they do not report them publicly. Official bodies prefer to sidestep the question. Last week, for instance, Atomic Energy Commissioner Willard F. Libby, one of the leading authorities on disseminated radioactivity, addressed a conference of mayors at Washington. He went into detail about the lingering effects (not serious) of old-style fission bombs. Only once did he mention H-bombs—more than 1,000 times as powerful—and then only in passing.

The U.S. Weather Bureau keeps mum too. It recently distributed a reassuring statement about the weather effects (negligible) of atomic explosions. Significantly, the bureau specified that it was discussing only the old-style fission bombs, especially those exploded in Nevada. It did not mention H-bombs at all.

Physicist Martin, who is pro-American,

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December 8, 1954.

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Subscription Price to Warrant Holders \$100 per Share

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December 6, 1954

is not making Communist propaganda. But he may be an alarmist, and U.S. officials may be concealing nothing when they refuse to discuss the aftereffects of H-bombs. But their silence has not reassured U.S. physicists who know at least a part of the truth. In the latest *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, an editorial entitled "People Must Know" hits hard at the information blackout. One consequence: Civil Defense authorities, lacking knowledge of H-bomb effects, cannot make realistic plans for an atomic war.

Even more serious, says the *Bulletin*, "is the potentially fateful danger of long-range damage to the hereditary endowment of the human race . . . caused by exposure of whole nations or continents to a weak but widely distributed and persistent radioactivity. It is difficult to think of a subject of greater importance for the whole of mankind . . . Pertinent information . . . should not be kept classified. The Atomic Energy Commission owes it to mankind to disseminate [it] as widely as possible to stimulate its open discussion . . . To permit mankind to stumble . . . onto a course of action which may end in a slow but irreparable decay of the human race constitutes the gravest moral responsibility any man or group of men can conceivably take upon themselves."

The Fertile Farmers

In the hustle-bustle of the H-bomb age, the North American Hutterites[®] are remarkable for their ascetic isolation and puritanical dress. Scattered in some 100 farm settlements across the Dakotas, Montana and western Canada, 8,000 Hutterites live under a strict religious communism: no member may hold public office; all property is jointly owned.

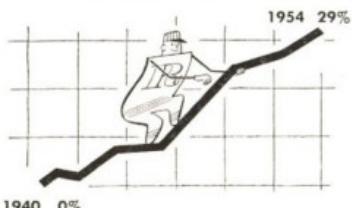
Last week the *Bulletin* of the Population Reference Bureau reported that the Hutterites are notable in another respect: they may be the world's most prolific people. Their annual birth rate, 45.9 per 1,000, is almost double that of the U.S. (24.1). Thanks to modern medical care, the death rate is less than half as high as the U.S. rate. By 1970 the Hutterite population, continuing at its present rate, will more than double its size.

Why are the Hutterites so fertile? Their religious doctrine encourages large families, and they shun contraceptives. In the prosperous Hutterite communities, even the shiftless are cared for: no father worries about supporting nine or ten children or keeping up with the Joneses. Moreover, most Hutterites marry for keeps: since 1875 there has been only one Hutterite divorce.

Ironically, the Hutterites' own fertility may end their way of life. To support its booming population, the sect must enlarge its settlements, increase farm holdings by 500,000 acres. As the sect expands, many younger Hutterites may inevitably drift away to "the outside world" that their elders have so long avoided.

[®] A Protestant Anabaptist sect founded in 1528 by Jacob Hutter in the Swiss Tyrol.

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1. ALUMINUM PRODUCTION — Reynolds Metals has grown from a medium sized processing company of lead and aluminum foil, which produced no aluminum until 1940, into the second largest fully integrated domestic producer of aluminum, accounting for about 29% of the aluminum industry's production in 1954.

1940 \$10,611,434



1954 \$370,000,000



2. GROSS ASSETS — Reynolds Metals increased the gross cost value of physical assets from \$10,611,434 in 1940 to \$370,000,000 in 1954. This dramatic growth was accomplished at no dilution cost to the equity stockholders and, in fact, increased earnings. Reynolds Metals has largely completed its plant expansion and is ready to realize its maximum earnings potential.

1940 \$4,600,000



1954 \$83,000,000



3. WORKING CAPITAL — Reynolds Metals has increased its working capital \$4,600,000 in 1940 to \$83,000,000 in 1954. This healthy financial situation puts Reynolds Metals in an ideal position to take advantage of the ever-growing demand for aluminum for all types of industrial and commercial uses.

1940 \$13,053,000



1954 \$130,000,000



4. NET WORTH — Reynolds Metals has increased its net worth from \$13,053,000 in 1940 to \$130,000,000 in 1954. Having built a large and complex industrial organization from the ground up, the management of Reynolds Metals is now able to concentrate on obtaining improved operating efficiency and increased profits.

1939 \$1,940,751



1954 \$40,000,000



5. BAUXITE DEPOSITS — During the past fifteen years, Reynolds Metals has acquired extensive bauxite deposits — the mineral from which aluminum is mined. These deposits are sufficient for all foreseeable needs and are carried at a fraction of their true value.

6. EARNINGS BEFORE TAXES — Reynolds Metals achieved pre-tax earnings of \$1,940,751 in 1939. In 1954, its estimated pre-tax earnings will be approximately \$40,000,000. The quality of the future earnings of Reynolds Metals should improve even further and result in more liberal market appraisals in line with the company's outstanding growth characteristics.

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BOOKS



DESPITE the growing sway of TV and hi-fi, despite a bounding passion for sports, despite increasing crime, flourishing liquor consumption, marriages, divorces and other distractions, the U.S. somehow manages to keep on reading—or at least buying—more books. If the number of books published and bought were the only criterion, 1954 was a big year. *Publisher's Weekly*, the industry's statistician, guessed that 1953's alltime high of 12,050 new titles would be equaled or surpassed by Dec. 31. It seemed likely that 1953's record sale of an estimated 600 million copies (3.7 new books per capita) would be at least matched. The literary record was another story.

It would take a bold reader to proclaim that the year produced a single first-rate novel, but it would take a truly dull type to deny that he found some diverting and even arresting reading. The novelists, for all their technical skill, seemed unable to cope effectively with their time, man's fate or even man's heart. And the reading public was on to

FICTION

Clear trends in fiction were as absent as greatness. The novels were a mixed bag that included some good storytelling, an occasional commentary on contemporary life that reached the mark, an unceasing flow of hackwork by old, bestselling pros. Among the best, the most popular and the most interesting:

NOT AS A STRANGER, by Morton Thompson, was the year's biggest best-seller, by a writer who died at 45 before his book was published. This sprawling story of a dedicated doctor won its audience with sincerity, energy and enough consulting-room detail to satisfy the most demanding hypochondriac.

THE GREEK PASSION, by Nikos Kazantzakis. This parable of the Christian challenge and Christ's suffering, played out by Greek Orthodox characters in a Turkish setting, was drenched with irony, pain and life, ingredients that are not apt to win even so good a writer as Kazantzakis the readership he deserves.

MOSCOW, by Theodor Pfeiwer, was certainly the most memorable book of the year about World War II, a flaming near-documentary about German victory and defeat in Russia.

THE BAD SEED, by William March, told the horror story of a little monster touched with congenital sin, a pigtailed murderer only eight years old. It was

done with quiet skill by an underrated U.S. writer who died within the year. This week it appeared on Broadway in an expert dramatization by Maxwell Anderson (see THEATER).

MORE STORIES, by Frank O'Connor. Stories of ordinary Irish people done with unobtrusive skill by one of the best short-story writers alive.

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER, by Davis Grubb. An exercise in terror in which a psychopathic evangelist and murderer creates a nightmare world for a mother and her two young children. Exceptionally effective for a first novelist.

A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE, by Erich Remarque, proved once more that Remarque would be remembered for *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The new one was a plodding, predictable story about a German soldier's love-on-furlough, with inconclusive excursions into the German conscience.

HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS, by Marguerite Yourcenar, was a cool, cleanly written novel in the form of a letter from Roman Emperor Hadrian to his adopted grandson, Marcus Aurelius. It made most of the year's best-selling historicals seem like blowzy farces.

THE FIRE-RAISERS, by Morris Muray, was one of the best entries in the year's huge literary safari to Africa. It was a merciless diagnosis of what its South African author calls "Africa sick-

ness," the complex of racial snobbery, fear and prejudice which has poisoned the lives of her white characters.

THE FALL OF A TITAN, by Igor Gouzenko. An indictment of the Soviet system in the form of a novel by the Russian code clerk who exposed his country's atomic espionage net in Canada and the U.S. An important and frequently exciting exposure of Communist ruthlessness and what it does to those it touches.

SWEET THURSDAY, by John Steinbeck. *Cannery Row* warmed over. A slovenly cast of characters included the familiar and tiresome Steinbeck bums, prostitutes and other scroungers who still seem to have bestseller appeal.

THE DOLLMAKER, by Harriette Arnow, described the trials of a Kentucky hill woman and her family in wartime Detroit. Large, bighearted and somewhat ponderous, like its heroine, this novel's integrity was repaid by a long run on the bestseller lists.

MARY ANNE, by Daphne du Maurier, was a bestelling near-biography of 19th century trollop Mary Anne Clarke, bed companion of the Duke of York and the great-great-grandmother of Daphne du Maurier.

THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD, by Hamilton Boisse, may easily have been the most overrated novel of the year. In watered-down Marquandese, it told the tiresomely plotted story

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of a New York lawyer's return to his hometown on business, of the memories dredged up and the hero's longtime-no-sees responses.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED, by John Dos Passos, started happily by being a satirical skimming of party-line liberals of the 1920s and '30s, lost its effectiveness when its once-leftist author got too sore at his gullible and tiresome hero-villain.

A FABLE, by William Faulkner. At close to his tortuous worst, Faulkner baldly used the story of the Passion Week to tell about a mutiny in the Allied lines of World War I.

THE BLACK SWAN, by Thomas Mann. At 78, the Nobel Prizewinner produced his most tired book, the story of a German widow who thinks she is not too old to love but dies before she can prove it.

BIOGRAPHY

Throughout the year the readers of biography and autobiography had much the best of it. Whether writing about their own lives or the lives of others, these authors not only seemed to have more to say than the novelists, but some of them actually wrote more accomplished and more enjoyable prose. As usual, the British writers stood at the head of the class, but they did not have all the good marks to themselves.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LUCREZIA BORGIA, by Maria Bellonci, made the famous daughter of profligate Pope Alexander VI a more human and attractive woman than the poisoner of legend, but still conveyed the horrors that went on around her and finally drove her to a hair shirt and piety.

FORD: THE TIMES, THE MAN, THE COMPANY, by Allan Nevins, was a long, steady look at the stubborn, imaginative mechanic who stands as a symbol of U.S. industrial daring. Even more, the book was the definitive history of a mighty business in which Ford was not the real businessman.

THE SECRET DIARY OF HAROLD ICCKES, VOLS. II AND III, could hardly be described as good reading, but future historians will have to consult them for inside descriptions of New Deal power plays, inner-circle animosities, and Hones' Harold's cantankerous sum-up of liberal types.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR, by Nancy Mitford, saw the meeting of a lively writer and an ideal subject. A flashing, witty biography of the mistress of Louis XV that not only described the inane royal world of Versailles but made it plain that the French Revolution was inevitable.

A CHILD OF THE CENTURY, by Ben Hecht. What one man's ego looks like spread over 654 pages: the playwright and scriptwriter flaunted his hard outer shell, his soft inner character, unconsciously explained why he rarely found "love, understanding or comfort."

THE INVISIBLE WRITING, by Arthur Koestler. The man who wrote *Darkness at Noon* describes how it got dark and

finally light again: his seven years in the Communist Party, his party travels and chores, his disillusionment, and final escape to sanity. A familiar story, but brilliantly told.

THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL, by Hermann Hagedorn, showed Teddy and his family at home leading a life so strenuous that it seems a wonder he ever had a chance to write **THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT**, Vols. VII and VIII, edited by Elting E. Morison, brought to an end the vast correspondence of the liveliest writer who ever held the presidency.

MELBOURNE, by Lord David Cecil, the second and final volume of one of the finest biographies in many years, described the life and times of England's last big Whig, Queen Victoria's first Minister.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, by Douglas Southall Freeman. This sixth volume, died on the day Historian Freeman died, carried Washington to the end of his first term as President, showed the same evidence of careful workmanship and regard for its great subject as the first five.

THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL, edited and translated by Robert Sage. An excellent translation of the private colloquy between Stendhal and his journal when the great novelist was a young man, offering tips on seduction, brilliant insights into human nature and glimpses of a fascinatingly complex personality.

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR, by Sean O'Casey. The sixth and last volume of one of the most readable and crotchety autobiographies written in this century, by the world's greatest living playwright.

HISTORY

In recent years, history readers have had a consistently good run of books. This year was below par in this field, but it produced a few standouts.

A STUDY OF HISTORY, VOLS. VII-X, by Arnold Toynbee, brought to an end the most massive and controversial historical inquiry since Spengler. It saw the West in a time of troubles, on the brink of becoming part of world state, and ended by affirming that man can control his earthly destiny, but only by earning the grace of God.

A HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES, by Steven Runciman. The third and last volume of the best written and most scholarly history of Christianity's greatest show of militant faith.

THE REASON WHY, by Cecil Woodham-Smith, told superbly the story of the charge of the Light Brigade and the incompetent, blundering commanders who consigned the unit to needless destruction.

GREAT RIVER, by Paul Horgan, showed what can happen when a fine novelist with a sense of history tackles a congenial subject, in this case the story

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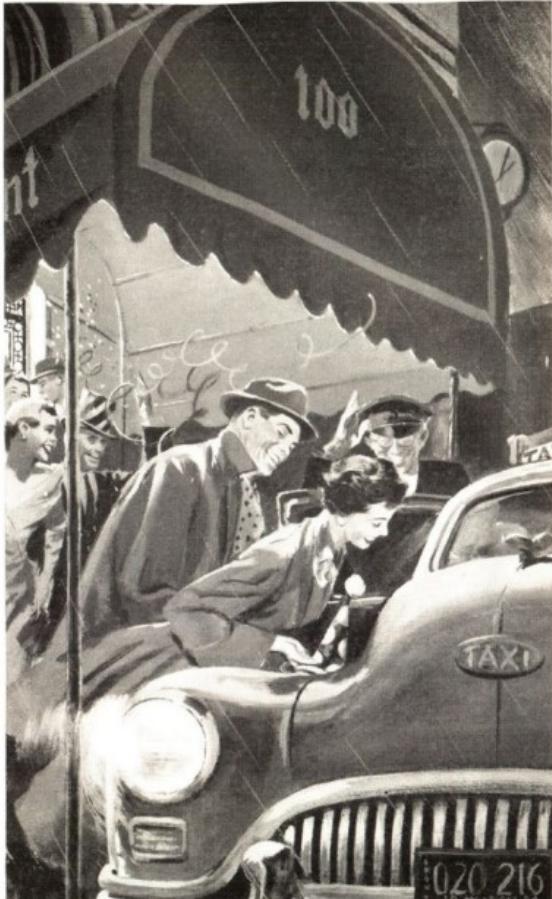
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Dividend Announcement

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The Trustees have declared a quarterly dividend of \$1 cents a share, payable December 1, 1954 to stockholders of record at the close of business December 1, 1954. The dividend is entirely paid out of net income received by the Trust on its investments.

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free booklet
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of the Rio Grande country from prehistoric time on.

TAXATION IN THE UNITED STATES, by Randolph Paul. No light reading here, but an able, thorough discussion of the nation's tax problems and policies since the birth of the Republic.

WORLD WAR II & KOREA

No book on World War II equaled in stature or importance Winston Churchill's memoirs, concluded last year. The generals, U.S. and foreign, kept publishing their personal accounts, all useful to historians but unlikely to change the main outlines set in past years. More immediate and sobering were the lessons of the war in Korea. Like other top commanders, Mark Clark, in **FROM THE DANUBE TO THE YALU**, argued that the Korean war should and could have ended in victory instead of an uneasy stalemate that was in effect a defeat for the U.S.

GENERAL DEAN'S STORY, by Major General William F. Dean, told the story of his captivity in Korea, a shocking reminder of the true nature of the enemy.

COMBAT ACTIONS IN KOREA, by Captain Russell A. Gugeler, contained some of the best descriptions of small-unit warfare yet printed.

SICILY-SALERNO-ANZIO, by Samuel Eliot Morison, could hardly have been pleasant reading for the Allied commanders of World War II. This ninth volume of Morison's history of the naval side of the war (five more to come) criticized Montgomery for his handling of the Sicilian campaign, claimed the Italian surrender was fluffed, and flatly denounced the Anzio invasion as a "mistake."

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS, by Ewen Montagu, was one of the best single stories to come out of World War II, a grisly account of how the German command was given a wrong steer on the Sicilian invasion by phony papers taken from a uniformed corpse prepared by British intelligence and washed ashore in Spain.

GENERAL NONFICTION

The taste for adventure books continued strong throughout the year. Men who climbed mountains, dived below the surface of the sea or went exploring the jungle wrote books almost before they had caught their breath. All year there were books about foreign and national affairs, but it was hard to find real eye-openers or mind-stretchers among them. The literary critics, humorists and personal essayists seemed to be hibernating.

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST, by Sir John Hunt, was the high point in mountain-climbing literature, an impressively solid description of the planning and the kind of men it took to conquer Everest.

JOURNEY TO THE FAR AMAZON, by Alain Gheerbrant. This Frenchman's account of a journey into the Amazon

jungles was probably the most exciting and certainly the best written adventure book of the year.

AN ENGLISH YEAR, by Nan Fairbrother, stood quietly alone in its class, the charming, finely written memoir of an Englishwoman's life in the country, with her children, the sights and sounds of nature and her own musings.

I'LL CRY TOMORROW, by Lillian Roth, joined the long list of confessional books by alcoholics who have been saved. Unashamedly frank and loaded with solid details, Nightclub Entertainer Roth's tell-all became one of the year's top best-sellers.

NEW CENTURY CYCLOPEDIA OF NAMES, Edited by Clarence Barnhart, was a stupendous storehouse of information, intelligently arranged and endlessly useful.

POETRY

The kudos for poetry went entirely to old hands. The work of younger poets, many of them wrapped in the academic cocoon of teaching, was downright dreary. The year saw the publication of the collected poems of Wallace Stevens, a Hartford insurance executive who puts a high premium rate on intelligence, but pays off as solidly as an annuity; and of E. E. Cummings, the aging *enfant terrible* who can be soaringly lyrical, typographically cute and earthly human, all in a dozen lines. It was depressing to think that U.S. poetry would amount to when these men as well as Robert Frost, Robinson Jeffers and William Carlos Williams—all over 60—stopped writing.

HUNGERFIELD AND OTHER POEMS, by Robinson Jeffers, remained true to the pessimism and clear distaste for humanity that has long been Jeffers' trademark; it also included some ringing tributes to nature, was stamped with a character as firm as the boulders Jeffers admires.

MINE THE HARVEST, by Edna St. Vincent Millay, consisted of 66 poems left by the passionate lyricist of the '20s when she died in 1950. No Greenwich Village candle burning at both ends here, but mature contemplation of man and nature and the sad imperfection of both.

THE DESERT MUSIC AND OTHER POEMS, by William Carlos Williams, was the maturing of a poet who has not always been easy to take. Completely American, completely on the side of man with all his imperfections, these were poems in celebration of man's humanity to man.

UNDER MILK WOOD, by Dylan Thomas, was pronounced the richest theatrical event of the season by at least one Manhattan critic when the late Welsh poet rendered it as a bar-stool reading. In print, it emerged brilliantly as an earthy, mockingly tender account of a village's single day of living, loving and leaving, recorded with a devoted hi-fi ear for the sounds of speech, of the sea and of the soul.

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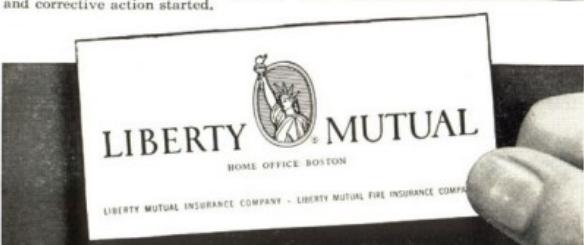
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MISCELLANY

Probation. In London, it was revealed that the late Financier Albert Rubin's 26-year-old daughter Valerie will have to wait until she is 50 before she gets her \$56,000 inheritance, because Rubin's will stated: "No woman is capable of handling her own money until she is 50."

Prescience. In San Francisco, a stranger gained admittance to the home of Mrs. Dorothy Cecchini by flashing a badge inscribed "Detective" and remarking, "I understand your home is going to be burglarized," then produced a revolver, took Mrs. Cecchini's \$1,000 ring and \$150, left her tied up in a closet.

In Love & War. In Peterborough, Ont., after two youths were arrested for stealing Lawyer Arthur Fair's car, they requested that Fair act as their counsel.

De Facto. In Danville, Ill., Mrs. Hazel Franklin Lewis, seeking a refund of income taxes, filed a brief in federal court without the aid of counsel, arguing that since an amendment is defined as a change for the better and not for the worse, the 16th Amendment to the Constitution, which gives Congress power to collect taxes, is unconstitutional.

Bad Aimé. In Barcelona, Spain, friends of Circus Acrobat Luis Rahys, who for ten years had been fired from a cannon by his wife, made public his explanation for his retirement: "Her aim has gotten so bad I've been in the hospital 17 times. The last time she fired me I landed in the lions' cage. I've had enough."

The Way with Women. In Milwaukee, Vagrant Meredith P. Lowe, 35, held on \$100 bail after he admitted romancing 300 women and obtaining money from 30 to 40 of them, denied any specific success formula: "I really don't try to swindle them; women are lonesome, and I just treat 'em nice, make 'em feel like real people, and tell them I like them and they'd make a wonderful wife."

Postfab. In Tokyo, businessman Kiyoshi Muraki complained to police that since the last time he had looked, a week before, a 20-man crew of "real-estate thieves" had dismantled and carried away the two-story, ten-room frame building he was intending to remodel.

Polarity. In Nipigon, Ont., Corporal Ted Broughton of the Provincial Police was wakened by the sound of breaking glass, saw an arm thrust through the broken front-door panel of his home, yanked in and arrested Robert Stevens, 31, for breaking and entering. In Castaic, Calif., Frank Joseph Nemcek, 23, serving a one-year term for robbery, escaped from the jail, walked out to the highway, had the misfortune to hitch a ride from Deputy Sheriff Walter M. Doughty, who was on his way to work at the jail.

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